

THE COMMONWEAL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Carve All the Mountains.....	695	Our Renaissance of Dignity..	Charles Morrow Wilson 709
Week by Week.....	696	To a Writer (<i>verse</i>).....	Loretta Roche 711
Calamitous Indifferences	699	The Spirit of Gregorian.....	Vincent C. Donovan 711
Moscow and the Churches.....	Paul Scheffer 701	The Jelly Fish (<i>verse</i>).....	Robert P. Tristram Coffin 712
Places and Persons.....	Cuthbert Wright 704	Communications	713
The Kingdom of God in Paraguay, III		The Play and Screen.....	Richard Dana Skinner 715
René Fülöp-Miller 706		Books..	Gerald B. Phelan, Morton Zabel, Max Jordan,
El Greco's Crucifixion (<i>verse</i>).....	Melville Cane 708	Paul Crowley, Margaret Kendall, E. R. Pineda 716	

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CARVE ALL THE MOUNTAINS

MR. COOLIDGE has done a very good job in the first two chapters of the 500 word history of the United States which he is writing for Gutzon Borglum to carve upon Mount Rushmore. The language is simple, stately, copious in its brevity. After a careful reading we should say that his task has been more difficult than that which now confronts the sculptor. For in the first place Mr. Coolidge could not take advantage of any short-cuts by way of allusions which might be perfectly clear to us, but unintelligible to the Martians, or the people of an age so remote from ours as to have no more complete an idea of us than we have of the mound-builders. And for such, of course, the memorial on Mount Rushmore is intended. In the second place, the words will not be helped out by their setting. Neither the color of the stone (whatever it is) nor the distance at which they will be conned will lend them any excellence which they do not of themselves possess. Probably Mr. Borglum's work is made somewhat easier by the fact that trivial faults in the carving will take care of themselves. Like Swift's Brobdingnagians, seen close up, the mountain visage may be full of imperfections, but from the ground appear "very well proportioned." Errors, if

they are less than major, will disappear. No such grace as this extends to Mr. Coolidge.

Some have objected that the topics chosen by Mr. Coolidge, or chosen for him, do not constitute an adequate outline of the history of the United States. The answer ought to be "What seven topics will form such an outline?" Each man's true history of the United States will differ according to his special interests. Some, given Mr. Coolidge's assignment, would insist upon including the Tenth Amendment, others the Fourteenth; no doubt the Eighteenth and the Nineteenth would have their chroniclers. The invention of the cotton gin, the discovery of gold, the birth of Henry Ford, the Emancipation Proclamation, the acquisition of Alaska, the Indian Wars in the seventies, the dime novel, the nickle cigar, the Latin immigrations, the Federal Reserve Act, the war to end war, Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam—somewhere in the United States are men who would place these things in a shorter than the Coolidge history. And so it is our conviction that while another man might have written as good a history of the United States on seven different topics, no one could have written a better. Mr. Coolidge clings to the Declaration of Independence,

the Louisiana Purchase, the admission of Texas, the admission of California, the settlement of the Oregon boundary and the cutting of the Panama Canal—surely that is a history good enough for one North Dakota Mountain. Let other histories be carved on other mountains. Carve all the mountains from Seattle to Key West. “Free people of sovereign states,” writes Mr. Coolidge, and that is our clew. A history acceptable to North Dakota need not bind the citizens of Maine. Mr. Coolidge would be the first to agree that Mars should not take its history from him alone when Mr. Edison and Senator Borah can also offer courses.

A nation-wide devotion to mountain carving would do more than satisfy our vanity. It would have its spiritual advantages: put an end to all our internecine bickerings by uniting us in a common purpose and recreation. It would have its desirable economic results: solve our unemployment problem for the next ten years without recourse to such dangerous expedients as road building. Road building is not a work for free Americans. All roads lead to Rome, and we have had enough of this sort of foreign influence, insidiously exerted. Besides mountain carving is a healthy and congenial occupation. It is hard work: drill and chip, hour after hour, day after day, but it fills the lungs with clean air, and exposes the skin to the beneficent rays of a sun which is ultra-violet at heart. Meanwhile a granitic mass becomes the repose of noble shapes, and the tablet of the living word.

By our works shall we be known. Since there is reason to suppose that our skyscrapers, country clubs and Hollywood palaces will not long outlive us, we must look elsewhere for a memorial. The spirit of our age is too big and too vital to be set down in miniature on ivory, cameo and cherrystone. As we have carved our destinies, so let us make us a monument, in the rough, in the huge raw.

WEEK BY WEEK

AMONG the curiosities of the time there is undoubtedly—Time. Serving many thousands of people who cannot read newspapers (eyesight, bridge, early training) it is popular enough to be considered an influential weekly. The Father Walsh and a Magazine formula, which is Menckenesian diction with an added fillip of sophistication, has furnished quotations for many an evening’s conversation and, incidentally, a *raison d’être* for the world’s greatest color-page advertising medium, Fortune. But for some reason, understandable enough possibly, Time has grown more and more consistently impudent on the subject of Catholic affairs. Its comment on the Papacy has been spiced, for instance, with that something more than amused condescension which is malice. We regret to say that all this may prove inducement to get Catholics themselves to read the paper. So many of us are immeasurably more eager to get angry than to be instructed or edified. And

naturally enough all the smart-alecs among the antis have been eager to commend a publication in which a prelate figures as in no whit distinguishable from a clown. These remarks may serve as an introduction to a bit of recent journalistic history which involves Soviet Russia, the Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., and the usual ethics optimistically assumed to have a bearing upon news publication.

ON MARCH 21 and 22, Time wrote and telegraphed Father Walsh requesting information concerning (a) the caricatures which had appeared in the Journal of the Godless, and (b) the Russian bishops penalized by the government. Responding, Father Walsh sent a copy of a particularly offensive cartoon, which he felt ought not be published; four caricatures which had appeared as late as 1929; information concerning Gabelmann, editor of the Journal in question; a summary of the evidence regarding murdered or imprisoned prelates, which evidence showed first, that the protest of the Papacy was based on events happening during many years and not upon anxiety lest the capitalistic system be undermined, and secondly, that the record of brutality extends to the present moment. Time acknowledged all this with several curious manifestations of gratitude: it featured the cartoon which Father Walsh has desired to keep out of print; it added a statement that Time had wrung from Father Walsh a concession that the Soviet policy had been “modified”; and it appended a judgment: “The Walsh pamphlet is another presentation of the same out-of-date stories against which Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald recently warned, urging Englishmen to demand fresh not vintage news from Russia.” We think the whole matter is something with which publications and associations interested in journalistic ethics might properly concern themselves—and not in silence either. Father Walsh’s dossier is available and certainly not abstruse.

THE London conference ends in success or in failure, accordingly as your viewpoint is that of the far Pacific or the Mediterranean. Our estimate, which is based of course on our optimistic hopes for this meeting, is that it has been 60 percent effective. First of all it was expected to apply the principle of limitation to all classes of fighting ships, and this has been done. Its other purpose was to bring Japan, France and Italy into line with the agreement privately reached between Great Britain and America last October. Japan was agreeable, and Secretary Stimson is not being overly cheerful when he says that “The very great improvement in the friendly relations between the United States and Japan which followed the Washington conference will certainly be intensified and continued.” But his prediction of an agreement between France and Italy seems to us merely a bit of hopeful press-agenting. Far from establishing any-

thing like amity between France and Italy, the conference has increased the bitterness between them. We should like to feel that this is no concern of ours, but unhappily anything which affects the fleet of Great Britain is now bound to affect us who have won parity with Great Britain. We have backed out of a security pact, and thus done obeisance to our post-war passion for isolation, whatever that is. But the whole world knows that the United States can as well speak of isolation from Central American affairs, or the islands in the Caribbean, or the Philippines, as from the Mediterranean troubles which now appear above the international horizon.

PROHIBITION is in some danger of becoming a stale issue. Walter Lippmann may prove to have been the wise prophet, asserting as he often has that the Amendment will go into hiding after the fashion of its several forgotten predecessors. Even so the early stages of its demise—if one may assume that such a thing is in progress—are decidedly ugly. Notice as evidence the contrasted attacks upon Mr. Raskob and Mr. Wickersham. The flurry which surrounded the first was as fine an illustration of partizan pique as one could hope to get. Imagine the threat to public morals involved in giving money to oppose a dry law one considers evil! Even more curious and reprehensible was the series of aspersions cast by Representative Tinkham and other statesmen at Mr. Wickersham on the ground that he had served as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. The qualifications for such work—international legal connections—possessed by Mr. Wickersham were scored as “indefensible,” in view of the fact that the Federal Council was construed as a “lobby.” This use of words without reference to their proper meaning, and of adjectives without cognizance of anything beyond their oratorical effect, might in ordinary times be attributed to poor education. Now it is just an index to the supply of muddled thinking, emotionalism and political shandygaff which have been conjured up by a question which during the past decade has intoxicated American public opinion.

ANYONE who remembers how Mr. Big Bill Thompson made an issue of King George V in Chicago a few years ago, and walked into the mayoralty on the strength of it, will not be surprised at the result of the Republican senatorial primaries in Illinois. Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick won hands down, as it was perfectly obvious she would win ever since she stampeded her opponent into accepting American adherence to the World Court as the vital issue of the campaign. To say that this was a political trick is not telling the whole story. For while it was debatable whether Mr. Thompson was seriously alarmed

at the alleged extension of British influence in the United States, no one doubts that freedom from the World Court is the first and most important tenet in Mrs. McCormick’s credo. What the election proves once again is how easily a persuasive campaigner can divert public attention from issues of some pertinence to personal prejudices, however fanciful or outworn. It is obvious that against an opponent as colorless as Senator Deneen any other notion, the yellow peril or a five-duck limit, would have served Mrs. McCormick as well as denunciation of the World Court. Her Democratic opponent, Mr. Lewis, ought to profit by the story of the Republican primaries. His best chance will be to do some stout cudgeling against prohibition, and let the gallant daughter of Mark Hanna charge her windmills.

BECAUSE it is vigorously interested in unifying the graduates of Catholic universities and colleges, the National Catholic Alumni Federation is holding a Meeting of the Grads, an organization with a real purpose and no less real prospects. Hitherto the annual conventions have served to advertise the work and to interest those who are eligible for membership. The program for this year’s meeting, which is to convene at the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C., during the three days following April 25, testifies to increasing maturity of outlook and equipment. Several important problems will be opened for discussion by representative leaders of opinion. Among these are such questions as the potential development of a national Catholic educational outlook and the fostering of a service devoted to answering inquiries from persons interested in getting information. Among the many speakers there will be such well-known clergymen as the Very Reverend Bede Jarrett and the Reverend William Kerby; such representative statesmen as the Honorable James M. Beck, now in Congress; and such spokesmen for Catholic lay action as Dean Edward A. Fitzpatrick, of Marquette University, and Mr. Frank Hogan of Washington, D. C. It is a matter of personal gratification to us that the editor of *The Commonwealth* has been invited to attend. The convention promises to be memorable in every sense of the term. That the Federation itself has almost limitless possibilities is an observation which requires no substantiating evidence.

IN BRINGING to a close the notable series of lectures on sacred art, which has been going on at the Pius X School of Liturgical Music for several months, enlisting the services of the most distinguished authorities in the field of mediaeval culture, Mr. Bancel La Farge harmoniously concludes with two lectures on sacred painting, the second one to be given on April 25. As all who are aware of the present situation in church art know, Mr. Bancel La Farge

Mr. Tinkham Talks

Mark Hanna’s Daughter

The Sacred Art Lectures

is very much more than a theorist, for fine examples of most successful murals and mosaic decorations from his hand are to be found in many churches. We do not mean to say that the theorist is necessarily inferior, or even less useful, than the practical artist; for indeed perhaps at present we need artistic theorizing and creative criticism even more than we need works of art themselves, unless they are original, authentic, and belong to the realm of quality rather than of quantity production. But the combination of the creator and the critic is a particularly valuable one. Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, who gave two lectures on architecture in the same course, also combines these high qualities. They did their work in distinguished company, as the mere roster of the names of the other lecturers amply proves: Professor Edward Kennard Rand of Harvard; Professor Carl Young of Yale; Mrs. Justine B. Ward; Reverend Cornelius Clifford; and Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs. The Pius X School of Liturgical Music is to be congratulated and thanked for its notable achievement. The various departments of culture today tend to become more and more standardized, and too often are conducted by specialists who seem unaware of what other specialists are doing. If, however, as Pater says, all the arts aspire to the condition of music, nevertheless music itself is enriched through its practitioners by being aware of the activities of its sister arts and crafts. We understand that from a cultural point of view the success of this series has been so decided that a similar series will be given during the coming winter. We trust indeed that such lectures may happily become a permanent feature of our American cultural life.

THOSE who accept reverently the great progressive certitudes on sterilization, sex education, trial mating and birth control are recommended to read Dr. Logan Clendening's *Doubts about the Millennium*, in Plain Talk for April. If they emerge with their reverence intact, they will have put up a better fight than we think most of them capable of. Dr. Clendening, as readers of his book, *The Human Body*, know, is a biologist with a tough mind toward social generalizations, and also a practising physician with a strictly pragmatic eye for consequences. He is not, or affects not to be, interested in the moral aspects of the more advanced reforms projected by Mr. Shaw, Mr. Russell, Dr. Stopes, Judge Lindsey and Mr. Darrow. He contents himself with suggesting (with a good deal of unkind relish, and also a wealth of illustration that is none the less effective for being practically unquotable) why, humanity being what it is, these reforms will not work. Or at least why we have no warrant for supposing they will. For it is not they which are founded on experimental science, in any real sense. What is founded on experimental science is "the common experience of the race," the more or less conservative practice which makes up the moral

and social pattern of the majority. It is this which has fitted the great permanent necessities of mating and child training into the great permanent reality of human nature. A fact, observes Dr. Clendening, which "the morning stars of the New Reformation" tend constantly to forget.

WHENEVER genuine Christian tradition wells up clear and fresh in the modern world, one is instructed by taking notice even though circumstances associated with it may not be entirely to one's liking. Thus we have listened to the music composed by Mr. Christos Vrionides, a young master of Greek harmony resident in New York, for a "choral mime" destined for Saint Mark's in-the-Bouwerie. Whatever may be one's opinion of the conception—and possibly Dr. Guthrie will offer more than somewhat obtrusive antics—there is no questioning the validity and fervor of Mr. Vrionides's music. It glows with the spirit of antique Byzance, source of so much that is abidingly great in the Christian arts and close, beyond any question, to liturgical origins. Hieratic poetry is here blended with an appeal which, not in the least subjective, is individual in the best sense. May it not be true that one route toward an understanding of Gregorian chant, now unfortunately so little relished by many, lies through a reconstruction—a revitalizing—of the Byzantine background? Beyond any question such music as Mr. Vrionides provides would be perfectly at home in a Catholic Church. And who shall not hope that consciousness of ground shared in aesthetic tradition may be one motive impelling that future reunion now so heartily desired?

WE CAN think of no lesson to be deduced from the German pocketbook lost, found and spectacularly restored to its owner in Roxy's Theatre recently. Honest men are to be met with everywhere, presumably—we cannot claim monopoly of the virtue even when we return \$947 to a visiting Berlin engineer. Something might be inferred, perhaps, from the fact that the gentleman, though barely arrived, had immediately gone, or been taken, to an American movie. But what? That there are no American movies in Berlin? That they are so quintessentially excellent that the Berliners cannot get enough of them? Or that the German temperament is so thorough that a trip here "to study engineering" begins, as a matter of course, with something entirely different? Or still another moralist might make play with the names involved: the German who lost the money bearing the designation Ephraim Rosenberg, and the American usher captain who turned it in appearing in the report as J. V. Pisapia. But Mr. Mencken has fairly worn out these geographico-racial possibilities in his *Americana*, and we have long ceased to feel that they mean anything at all. In fact, the incident has no moral;

only it warmed us strangely to read of it, and we are sure that at least one German engineer will go back to his (perhaps) native Berlin with an unshakable friendliness toward us all. Even if he should happen to flunk his post-graduate course.

THE transmuted fortune has no novelty for us Americans. We are lucky in our millionaires, whatever the Communists may say, and the process that turns steel into public libraries, or oil into clinics and experimental laboratories, seems to us by now a sort of secondary law of nature. Yet even we

A Three-ring
Connoisseur

may blink a little at its latest application by Mr. John Ringling. For out of the peanuts and pink lemonade, the three sawdust rings and the brave blare of brass which have either made Mr. Ringling famous or been made famous by him—so intimate is the association that we shall never know which—he is evoking an art museum. He has built a palace at Sarasota, in Florida, which, if newspaper graphic sections are to be trusted, is a fair and monumental structure, terraced and colonnaded and set with lovely statues, as though it were the house of Petronius. To it the public will presently be invited to view “the art objects which he has been collecting for thirty years.” Altarpieces and Florentine furniture, an antique entrance of marble inlay, eleventh-century pillars, the doorway from the Villa Palmieri of the Decameron—these are a few of the items included in the advance information. If their owner makes good their promise as satisfactorily as his tent performances have always made good the promise of his street parades, our own Metropolitan Museum will soon be busy trying to hold its own.

CALAMITOUS INDIFFERENCES

VOX populi may be pardoned for being almost as incoherent as the noises of Broadway. The only respectable choruses are trained choruses, the only effective opinion is a marshaled opinion. What one finds perilous and inexplicable in the existing situations is the general willingness to gamble against odds. An economic fact would seem to remain a fact, regardless of Wall Street. Something definable as a bad spiritual bluff would seem to merit well-nigh any treatment excepting riotous applause. At the present rate of advance one may expect a majority of one's fellow-citizens to howl with joy over some hypothetical announcement that the world is square.

We notice in the current issue of the Nation, cheerfully dedicated to the opposite side of everything, a page advertisement furnished with the simoleons of Mr. Franklin Ford. The same page was offered us, and we confess to having thought hard about accepting it, publishing it opposite these remarks, and thus detracting from the funds which support WHAP. What interests us most in this display is a coupon one is asked to detach and mail. This serves two purposes: first

to guarantee the delivery, to one's door, of “free literature,” and second to suggest that a contribution to aid “the work of the Society” will be most welcome. When one pauses to think that Mr. Ford gets enough out of this variety of appeal to pay for the insertion of his copy, and, beyond that, for the continuance of his endeavors, all that was said in our initial paragraph seems marvelously clear and correct. Indeed only this thought justifies the present concern with Mr. Ford, indignation (or worry) concerning whom is as out of place as a mouse in a kitten's lair.

Referring to The Commonweal, Mr. Ford asked whether the claims advanced in behalf of the Calverts as inaugurators of religious liberty in the United States are justified. The answer is a resounding “No” on the basis of several quotations, one of them from the redoubtable Mr. Marshall. We observe incidentally that Mr. Ford's views were, in a measure, expressed editorially in the New York Telegram (Scripps-Howard) with which a correspondent in our present issue has busied himself. It is interesting to note that in neither case have the claims actually made for Lord Baltimore been examined. In common with the majority of thoughtful historians, we asserted that the Toleration Act might have been more generous in wording than it was if certain circumstances had not limited the action of its protagonists. What these were can be deduced from a meditation on colonial Puritans. Our emphasis lay upon the fact that so long as early Maryland was ruled by Catholics the state scrupulously respected the rights of dissident religious minorities. There is not a single instance on record—Mr. Ford please note—where the governors or the clergy of Catholic Maryland molested Protestant, Jew or Quaker. We hold that this “experiment in tolerance” was a unique and original thing. If our opinion is incorrect, it ought to be easy to produce evidence against it. For the moment one supposes that the attitude of legal historians is fairly well summed up by Mr. Breckinridge Long: “The inhabitants of Maryland entertained certain ideas of what were rights; and in striving for the attainment of those rights, they, partly through their own initiative, partly through the magnanimity of their proprietary, did take certain steps and did adopt certain forms which were expressions of public sentiment of that day and which molded the public opinion of a later day, and to which the forms and spirit of the constitution are partly traceable.”

Arguments about the dimensions of the word “partly” as here used remain possible. What is absolutely certain is the fate of liberty in Maryland once people of Mr. Ford's stamp get hold of it. The worst mistake, from a practical point of view, that Lord Baltimore ever made was to admit (1649) a band of Puritans whom the Virginians had driven out. These folk refused to obey the colonial government; summoned the commonwealth commissioners to their aid; and passed a law in 1654 enacting that “none who profess and exercise the Popish (commonly called the

Roman Catholic) religion can be protected in this province by the laws of England." They kept up this edifying variety of tactics until, under William and Mary, the Established Church was set up in Maryland. It is no wonder that Mr. Ford has neglected to advertise these facts. Their publicity value is, from his point of view, positively nil. Fancy WHAP broadcasting those memorable contrasts which McMahon has so neatly classified and labeled: the lower, puritan House of the Maryland Assembly protesting against the Proprietary not on the basis of "a single act of deliberate oppression or wanton exercise of power," but on the score that "popish idolatry" was being practised; and the subsequent satisfaction of the same group, offering thanks because of their deliverance from "the arbitrary will and pleasure of a tyrannical Popish government." And of similar material there is verily no dearth.

One is astonished, however, to find that they have apparently received no attention from Mr. Marshall. So eminent a historian, knowing the story of the Catholic Church more thoroughly than any of its members and as busy with the chronicles of mankind as any other man, might have been expected to give them some scant notice. But he contents himself with saying that "the liberal spirit of Virginia and of her great statesman (Jefferson) contrasts strangely with the early spirit of the province of Maryland under Lord Baltimore." It does not "contrast" at all. Even so, Mr. Marshall does not tell us how Jefferson attained to his liberality, or why Virginia favored religious freedom. The present writer believes that he stressed the right explanation in his Catholic Spirit in America—where it was asserted that the American tradition of the right to freedom of conscience had its origin in practical politics—but several new groups of facts are now available. The first is this: Jefferson based his conception of rights not upon the principles to which Mr. Marshall adheres but upon the old English law of King Alfred, passed, as is evident, in a Catholic age. (See G. Chinard: Thomas Jefferson.) Secondly, the emphasis placed upon separation between church and state in Virginia was largely due to the efforts of Baptists and Presbyterians, who chafed under the restrictions imposed by the Church of England (see Wesley M. Gewehr: *The Great Awakening in Virginia*).

But if Mr. Ford's historical learning is incomplete, his theological wisdom is extraordinary. There figure in his advertisement four selections from Catholic authorities—Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, John Joseph McVey and John A. Ryan. The most important point in these quotations is the papal assertion that "the principle that every man is free to profess as he may choose any religion or none" is false. This declaration is used to scare so many American children and adults that for purely humanitarian reasons some brief concern with it may be in order. In the first place it should be noticed how chary the discoverers of this

quotation are of quoting along with it the context it properly needs. Why does not Mr. Ford advertise the mandate of canon law: "Nobody may be constrained by force to profess the Catholic faith"? Or why does Mr. Marshall abstain from reference to the endless series of theologians who have expounded this mandate? The answer is very simple. Such a procedure would deprive Messrs. Ford and Marshall of all their thunder.

The Catholic faith, when both sides of the definition have been presented, becomes something which the individual cannot be spoon-fed by the state but nevertheless not something which the individual is free to decline. We come now to the vital word "free" upon which several million pages of definition have been expended. No philosopher worth his salt would hold that man is "free" to do anything from which he is not restrained by a brace of bloodhounds and a cordon of grenadiers. A man can shoot his grandparents, but who shall say that he is free to unload his shotgun at them? Freedom reposes upon intellectual and moral ability to express a preference. It does not mean denying that the sun has spots, or insisting upon having arsenic for luncheon. What, then, is the Catholic doctrine regarding religious liberty? The Church reposes upon a grant of authority from Christ to preach His message and to continue His sacramental life upon earth. As soon as a man recognizes the validity of this grant he is not free to turn aside from it, either because too much is demanded of him or because he is interested in other matters. But so long as he does not—even subconsciously—recognize that validity, the Church is not "free" to insist upon his allegiance. It may only declare that he is ignorant, through no fault of his own, of its life and power.

In a similar way no citizen is free to abet disregard for his fellows or their sacred rights. This is, after all, a world of practical affairs in which one must expect decency to characterize the attitude of one man toward another. There may be some question as to whether Mr. Ford is "free" to accept the teachings of the Catholic Church. For our part, we willingly absolve him on the score of very invincible ignorance. There are compensations in the fact that his distinguished father, Henry Jones Ford, was a member of the original editorial board of *The Commonweal*. But there can be no question that the tradition of these United States is to affirm that religion cannot be a civic barrier, shunting some believers into comfortable seats around the fire and banishing others to the wilds. Everybody who tries to undermine that tradition has our sympathy. Sooner or later he may find himself in the position of the Maryland Puritan—a man who has attempted to bag everything for his side and who discovers eventually that while the majority is willing to accept his code of manners it is of an entirely different spiritual mind. No fate we can think of would be more ironical than that of Mr. Charles G. Marshall in a hypothetically communistic America!

MOSCOW AND THE CHURCHES

By PAUL SCHEFFER

ONE morning during December, 1929, a train chugged into Riga, the metropolis of Lettland, bringing out of Soviet Russia several hundred peasant families of German extraction. A place of refuge had been promised them by the Reich until such time as an avenue of subsistence could be opened for them either in Europe or overseas. The German envoy was at the station. Only one person got off the train—an old man who was the leader of this "band." Having asked excitedly for the dignitary who was to meet them, he then inquired whether he had reached the place where prayers could be said in common. Then all the travelers dismounted, fell upon their knees, and thanked God with tears for their liberation.

Meanwhile, the western world was busily discussing the question, "Is a persecution of religion in progress throughout Russia?" For anyone who, like myself, has been in Moscow recently, this debate seems a very curious affair, in which none of the participants are interested in establishing, analyzing or discussing facts. All seem bent, rather, upon pamphleteering, arguing, philosophizing for or against the Soviets on the basis of party loyalties or general principles. Sympathizers with the Bolshevik form of government have decided that the attacks upon religion are not so serious as people believe or even that (vide official speeches) they have not occurred at all. Anybody opposed to Bolshevism, on the other hand, is willing to believe whatever is alleged against Moscow. For the present, we shall try to get away from these preoccupations and deal solely with facts.

Complete separation between the church and state was already taken for granted by the revolution headed by Kerensky. During more than two hundred years, the Greek-Orthodox Church had been unqualifiedly an instrument of the state in accordance with the spirit of the mandate of Peter the Great, placing religion under the wing of the czars. Accordingly the Holy Synod, the central body which annealed worldly and ecclesiastical authority, was already abolished in 1917. The Bolsheviks then proceeded to do everything in their power to destroy the actual framework of the Orthodox Church. Nevertheless, the Kremlin was forced to proceed more cautiously than it desired. Millions of Russians living in the cities, and many millions dwelling in the rural districts, were anxious to remain faithful Christians in the orthodox manner. Diverse forms of propaganda were used to create hostility

In order that the news out of Russia may be as up to date as possible, we have requested Mr. Paul Scheffer to write the article which follows. At present stationed in Washington as correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt, Mr. Scheffer was ordered out of Russia some months ago for reasons which Mr. Leo Glassman analyzed in an article that appeared in The Commonwealth of January 29 (Paul Scheffer Leaves Russia). It should be borne in mind that the author, not a Catholic, is not to be thought of as even remotely sponsoring the views of any religious group.—The Editors.

ity to the Church. Religious processions through the streets and public squares were forbidden. A "Journal of the Godless," now highly prized by bibliophiles for its amazing caricatures, was established and supplemented by a newspaper manifesting the same tendencies. Anti-religious carnival pageants

were staged as early as 1922, particularly in Moscow. There one saw, on attractively decorated floats, crude effigies of God, Christ and the angels, with whom Moses and Buddha—but not Mohammed—were associated. Most of the participants were students at the "eastern universities"—China and other Orientals. But the streets of Moscow remained deserted and still.

Somewhat later, the government began to close churches. As always, the officers were systematic and proceeded with the aid of mandates and decrees. If, owing to the poverty of the congregation, a church was not kept in repair, it was legal to close its doors. Similarly, churches could be locked on popular petition. These regulations were enforced in a considerable number of instances during the past year or were used as pretexts for dissolving congregations. Certain nationally famous shrines were peremptorily closed or secularized. Monasteries were ostracized, but in a few instances they were enabled to maintain meagre existence in the guise of trade-union establishments, with the provision that they would exercise no religious functions and above all give no religious training. At present, this ruse is no longer permitted. The number of seminaries for the training of priests has been drastically reduced and the activities of those which continue to exist is rigidly supervised. A very large body of prelates were deprived of their rank. During 1927 more than seventy bishops then resident in Moscow, were banished from the city. All were in stringent circumstances, so that when left to fend for themselves they were without a ray of economic hope. The leadership of the Church which, after the death of the Patriarch Tychon, had been assumed by a synod, was subjected to constant interference. During 1925 (the year of Tychon's death) the Soviet government established this synod but allowed it absolutely no freedom of action. The bishops whom the Patriarch had designated as his successors were either arrested or exiled.

It is therefore not correct to hold that persecution of religion in Russia is of recent origin. It has been systematically and purposefully carried on since the creation of the Bolshevik state, even though with varying degrees of severity. Whatever has taken place

during the past year must be regarded simply as the logical consequence of Soviet policy. The longer opposition to the Church lasted, the more inevitable it became that the very life nerve of religion should be exposed. During April, 1929, the Moscow authorities took a decisive step. Previous to this time it had been possible to maintain relations between churches professing the same creed, or between members of the same congregations even though the obstacles of a material, spiritual and personal character were great and grave. This outer and inner mutual contact between the churches in Russia was now attacked through extraordinarily detailed mandates drawn up with cunning and malice. The dozens upon dozens of stipulations imposed upon the religious life of Russia by this April decree acted like a net in which faith could be strangled without too vociferous a struggle. The decree is indeed a very interesting illustration of the "systematic revolution on a scientific basis" which is the most essential characteristic of the Soviet régime.

We can, of course, here allege only representative instances. Every kind of cultural or industrial activity has been forbidden to priests and their congregations. Thus their ability to exist is necessarily undermined. More than that. Support of the clergy or the Church is permitted only in the form of money paid by members of the congregation. This means that the faithful cannot give alms in the form of fruits of their labor or of work on Church property. The effect is especially disastrous in the rural communities. Poor folk who possess no money are unable to manifest their religious loyalty with the means at their disposal. They are forbidden to do so, and the Church itself is helpless. The decree expressly ordains that pastors must not have fruit or vegetable gardens. Nor can coöperatives established by members of the congregation to support the pastor divert any of their funds to Church uses. A parish is not allowed to stage concerts of sacred music or to give lectures on appropriate topics. This last ordinance, of obvious importance, is supplemented by the prohibition of every kind of education work among the young.

The Church is likewise not a "juridical person." It is not entitled to sign a lease or even to purchase wood for heating church buildings. Try to imagine these conditions as they really prevail in many Russian districts. The property rights of the Church have been annulled. Everything that once belonged to the old establishment is held to have become the property of the state, which therefore concedes only the right to use the Church under given conditions and may at any time abrogate this permission. All offerings and stipends are regarded as *eo ipso* nationalized. The faithful are obligated to protect this confiscated ecclesiastical property. Hereby the state acquires power to take anything away from a parish on the plea that it has not been kept in proper order. This power vests in the government the legal right to close churches on the ground that they are falling into decay—a right

which has been frequently exercised, for as we have noticed previously, the parish has been deprived of virtually all financial means. The secularization of the church building can be authorized only by an edict from the local authorities who may act for varying reasons, among them the decision that a given structure is needed for public or governmental purposes.

Parish life is hampered in the most unbearable way by the same decree and is in essential matters rendered impossible. For the bond which associates the several churches of the same creed has been cunningly severed by the law, and the muscles of parish organization have been skilfully lamed. The priest can officiate only in the church where he is stationed. A bishop, or any other higher prelate, has, therefore, no opportunity to enter into closer relationship with the parishes in his jurisdiction. Can he communicate with them in writing? No: it is forbidden to read a pastoral letter or any other ecclesiastical document in public. The war declared by the Soviets upon church holidays finds expression in the edict that solemn religious services are illegal. Pilgrimages or the carrying of ikons, held in especial esteem, from their shrines for purposes of worship—or, for example, on visits to the sick—are prohibited. It is true that in some places the last-named regulations are not observed.

I have given only a brief excerpt from the multiform legislation instituted by the April decree, the evident purpose of which is to deprive parish life of all material and spiritual assistance and so to stifle its existence. In so far as the application of these measures is concerned, conditions vary with different localities. There is probably no city in Russia which has not witnessed the effort of an impoverished congregation to retain its church in the face of a decision by the authorities to confiscate it. During the past two years the number of such dramas has steadily increased, despite the fact that in many instances the government has acted quite arbitrarily, with no regard for the provisions of even its own law. Thus, for instance, the baroque church which used to stand in the beautiful open square at Vladimir was torn down, despite the fact that the congregation had, through the greatest personal sacrifices, raised the sum needed for repairs in due time. Its representations were flatly ignored.

Proceedings of this kind can be noticed almost everywhere in Russia. It is true that the Soviet authorities often observe certain legal formalities but they do not bother to offer a strong case in defense of their policy. Thus they sometimes find the churches must be torn down because they "hamper traffic," or interfere with city housing plans. In Moscow particularly the demolition of churches has proceeded at such a pace that one is almost obliged to credit the persistent rumor that at a certain date all ecclesiastical edifices in the city, excepting the vast structure of the Church of the Redeemer, will have been torn down. One cannot understand why so beautiful a building as the Semionoff Monastery was destroyed during a species of

popular festival unless some such ultimate plan has been drawn up. The bricks of razed churches are frequently used as building material. This is, of course, no justification of the vandalism now in vogue. Petitions are frequently circulated demanding that a given church be diverted from religious purposes. Rykov himself pointed out, during the past year, that such petitions were not sufficient grounds for acts of this kind. Often enough it has happened that when efforts were made to confiscate a church great crowds of people assembled and tried to prevent the police from carrying out the order.

The space at our command does not suffice to enter into details regarding the persecution of the clergy. It is often asserted in official declarations by the Soviet authorities, their propagandists or sundry other defenders of the Bolshevistic system that nobody in Russia is molested because of his convictions or his religious conduct. This statement is to be taken—as it was meant to be taken—with a huge grain of salt. We have already seen to what an extent the activities of the clergy have been circumscribed and how they have been deprived of the right to give any kind of religious instruction. Beyond that they are subject to so careful an espionage that movement is virtually impossible for them; and in practice conditions are such that when clergymen have been noticeably influential in their spheres of activity a reason frequently presents itself for rendering them “harmless” by exile to the terrible islands of Saolovki, in the ice-bound North Sea or to some other uninhabitable spot. Such expedients are the legal privilege of the C.P.U.—the Bolshevik secret police—who need render an account of their stewardship to no one and who generally do not even deign to explain their actions. Sham trials are sometimes staged. It will serve to give an idea of the way in which the campaign against the clergy has been conducted to state that during the year 1929 the following ecclesiastics active in congregations of German origin along the Volga and in the Ukraine met such fates as these: Pastors Eberlein and Waniger were sentenced to five years in prison, Pastor Brungard to two years, Pastor Keusche to eight years. Pastor Rosenbach disappeared without a trace. It is known that three other evangelical pastors are in prison and that another has been sentenced to death. A Protestant dignitary in Charkov was jailed and then set free under the provision that he was to labor to frustrate the efforts of German settlers to leave Russia. In these little German communities all excepting a very few Protestant and Catholic churches have been closed. Here is a small, specifically documented excerpt from the whole miserable story and even it is incomplete.

And what of the layman? I have observed that even communists of alien origin resident in Russia or interested in its affairs fail to realize what pressure is exerted by the Soviets to prevent believers from living according to their convictions. No one can deny that, for example, during the so-called “purifica-

tion” of Russian institutions, including the universities, from “undesirable elements,” the religious question played an important part. Communist student leaders, for instance, again and again protested against professors who went to church even at Easter time. Nor will it be possible to claim that religion was not employed as a reason for dismissing scholars from their positions, or that similar actions are not, at least, characteristic of the Soviet attitude toward faith in God. In addition, I (and every other resident in Russia who did not confine his contacts to the narrowly limited circles) know of cases in which government officials were ordered to choose between their jobs and the religious office—for example, that of the “deacon” who functions at Mass in the Orthodox churches—with which they had been entrusted. Not less obvious to a spectator at Moscow is the relentless fashion in which the religious convictions of the teaching body are scrutinized. These examples derived from observation of life in Russia are to show what is happening, and to what an extent all the faithful are steeped in fear.

Let us risk the remark that the Soviet government may be looked upon as being itself the exponent of a creed, held with the fanaticism which accompanies the profession of intolerant religions. Indeed, there are many reasons why the Bolsheviks should feel that even the superstitions of the great masses in Russia are vital forces which endanger the success of the Soviet program. One might, therefore, concede that the dictatorship of the proletariat in Moscow is actuated by deep convictions and that it is battling ahead with a fervor akin to that of religion itself. More than this the followers of Lenin cannot expect of anybody in the way of concession or of “tolerance.” But it follows that, from this point of view, the rest of their activity is not intelligible. Why, then, should they seek to do everything in their power to conceal their attitude from the rest of the world and to deny the deeds of which that is productive? Why should they instruct their propagandists to bank on the ignorance prevailing in foreign countries and to profess a point of view absolutely the opposite of what the leaders of the party have sponsored in private and in public.

Precisely this propaganda which is destined for foreign consumption insists also that the great majority of the Russian people agree heart and soul with the Soviet authorities in their attitude toward the churches. The allegiance of young people is, above all, taken for granted. If that be true, why was it necessary to intensify the persecution of religion so greatly during the past year? Why was it found expedient to combat, in particular, the activities of the Protestant sects? These were affirmed to have enrolled no fewer than 25,000,000 people, and the Russian press observed that revival meetings were frequently better attended than the workers’ club meetings. May we not legitimately be led to think that the official Soviet pronouncements on the future of religion in Russia has been biased, to say the least?

Places and Persons

THE SECRET OF SOLESMES

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

ORDINARILY, the visitor reaches Solesmes by a rapid train from Montparnasse which drops him at an uninteresting town called Sablé, and then departs majestically into the night, bearing its tourists toward Brittany and the remote lands of the west. One can take a carriage to the abbey which is about three miles away, but it is far from being the best manner of approach. A more striking impression is obtained if the pilgrim leaves the train one station this side, at Juigné. Assuming that it is still day and the weather is sunny, he will descend on foot the precipitous lanes of that charming mediaeval village to the ramparts of its church. From that point a landscape which seems to belong to some better time, some more golden and pastoral era, stretches to the right and the left along the dreaming river. On one side, a vista of foaming weirs, fresh pastures, white cattle and sleeping woodland; on the other, at a further distance, beyond a garland of arched bridges, "the great vision of the guarded mount," mirrored in the stream, the Benedictine abbey of Solesmes. It is a moment from one of the most vaporous and magical couplets of Tennyson in his Arthurian cycle. At first glance, the monastery seems a peak in the primeval rock from which it rises, 260 meters in the air. It suggests at once Saint Michel and the palace of the Popes at Avignon in the south. It is not an abbey, one says, it is a fortress. A stronghold in any case, a place of defense, a sanctuary in the old sense of the word. Then the sun reappears from behind a cloud, and in the sudden change of light, the whole tremendous silhouette is transformed. Smoke rises from its chimneys, mingled with the white mist of the spring morning, with the incense from the open church. The black mass of construction turns vaporous and opaque. It is no longer a semi-modern habitation, raised in great part to Dom Prosper Guéranger circa 1830. It is Carbonek, the heaven-kissing citadel, the City of the Cup. The rest of the landscape—woodlands, aqueducts, bridges—falls away into insignificance. There is nothing now between us and the sweetness of the Angevin sky but this stupendous work of man, sanctified to God.

One is the more moved in penetrating the abbey if he knows something of its past. In a sense, it is one of the oldest Benedictine foundations in Gaul, in another sense, it is one of the youngest. The Revolution, the key to the modern world, the sword which cuts European history in two unequal lengths, explains this apparent contradiction. Shortly after the millennial year 1000, a period which saw the rapid florescence of so many abbeys and priories affiliated to an order already five centuries old, a seigneur of Sablé,

Geoffrey the Old, gave the black monks one of his fiefs on which to build a church and monastery. In the spring of 1081, Hoël, bishop of Mans, driven from his episcopal town by the usual communal troubles, took refuge at Solesmes and there celebrated the ceremonies of Holy Week, including the consecration of the holy oils. History repeats itself, but often paradoxically. It seems only yesterday that we read of the expulsion of the religious orders from France at the hands of a radical government, that is to say, a government of village atheists and worse. Among the orders, the Benedictines, who had already done so much for France and the Church, were naturally the first to go, to begin life afresh under British jurisdiction at Quarr abbey on the Isle of Wight. It is said that the English bishop of Portsmouth, Dr. Cahill, preferred the liturgical atmosphere of Quarr to that of his own cathedral; there at any rate he loved to come on Holy Thursday to perform the same ceremony as his French predecessor in the middle-ages. But this time they were the sons of Saint Benedict who were unjustly banished from their own fatherland and their holy place.

The war waged by the Revolution against the Catholic faith in France terminated the first long chapter in the history of Solesmes. On February 13, 1790, the National Assembly decreed that monastic vows were invalid before the law, and suppressed the foundations where they were in use.

The following year, the abbey was put up for sale, and found its purchaser in a certain M. Lenoir de Chantelou, from the same district. We do not know to what degree this gentleman was a friend to the persecuted faith, but he soon showed a laudable, and in the long run, a providential intention of keeping the artistic relics of the abbey in his own possession. These included, principally, the two great groups of fifteenth-century statuary, the famous "saints" of Solesmes, which now flank, in manner of reredos, the transepts of the actual abbey-church. Shortly after Napoleon reestablished the Catholic religion in France, the imperial appointee to the see of Mans, Monsignor de Pidoll, felt, not unnaturally, that the "saints" of Solesmes would be better placed in his own beautiful cathedral than in the hands of a lay connoisseur. The imperial prefect of the department intervened on the side of his ecclesiastical colleague, and this rare union of prefect and diocesan seemed likely to be too strong for M. de Chantelou, when the latter unexpectedly appealed to the emperor, at that moment far away on the eastern front (1812). Then occurred one of those small and adorable incidents which make the

joy of the historian and are particularly rejoicing in the annals of Bonaparte. Everyone knows that the latter did not hesitate, amid the flames of burning Moscow and the appalling catastrophe of the Russian retreat, to forward a decree to Paris, establishing a national theatre, the present Comédie Française. In the same fashion, a few days later, the emperor sent a special order from his camp at Wilna, authorizing M. de Chantelou to keep his statues. So it is thanks to the Corsican, the fathers still say with a lively gratitude, that they now have their "saints."

Only a few years before this event, in 1805, the year of Trafalgar, the man whom the Benedictines venerate as the restorer of their order in France, Prosper Guéranger, was born at Sablé. His biographer recounts that the favorite promenade of Dom Guéranger, then a schoolboy, was along the quiet river Sarthe, from his birthplace to the fallen and neglected abbey. He would enter the dismantled church to contemplate that world of imagery, still marvelously living amid the ruins, "those apostles, those seraphim, those women, the dragon with its seven heads." The secret of Solesmes pursued him as he went out into the world and rose ever higher in the secular Church of the Restoration, as secretary to the bishop of Mans, as administrator of the foreign missions at Paris, as canon of the Mans cathedral, finally as novice at Monte Cassino. In the meantime, the persistent M. de Chantelou had sold the whole property to newcomers, recently enriched, who at once announced their intention of demolishing what was left of the church and priory. This was in 1832, about a year after the triumph of romanticism as signalized by the production of *Hernani* commemorated recently in France. It is just to say that the success of this literary movement had its effect in the salvage of a good many ancient churches and mediaeval monuments, but the distant lands of Maine and Anjou were deaf to the voices of Hugo and Chateaubriand; besides, it is doubtful if they had ever heard their names. It was a simple son of Saint Benedict who returned in haste from Italy with the intention of saving the glorious patrimony of his spiritual fathers. Forty thousand francs were required immediately to buy the former fief. Dom Guéranger raised heaven and earth; he appealed to Lamennais, then a power in the land, to Montalembert, the author of *The Monks of the West*, to the marquis de Dreux-Brezé. In the long run, none of these great people came to his aid, but two old ladies named Cosnard who sacrificed most of their modest fortune so that the monk's desperate dream be fulfilled. In 1837, Dom Guéranger received the constitutions of the revived order from the sovereign pontiff, Gregory XVI. It was affiliated to Monte Cassino, but declared the heir of the ancient French foundations of Cluny and St. Maur.

There is not the space to recount what everyone doubtless knows already—the intellectual and liturgical reform sponsored by the new Benedictines under

the direction of this energetic and profoundly Christian priest. Dom Guéranger himself believed that the name "Benedictine" demanded in the nineteenth century a certain modification in the public sense. "We must show," he wrote, "to all those who confuse a Benedictine monastery with an academy of letters in permanence, that the intellect is not the reality of the monastic life." Dom Delatte, who ruled over the community, at the time of the expulsions at the end of the century, spoke in the same sense: "The day when we will sacrifice on the altar of studies the solemnity of our offices, our regularity, our monastic stability, we will have lost our true character, and even our right to exist. . . . We place above everything the canonical celebration of the divine office in which we intend to maintain the solemnity and the splendor amid the universal decadence which surrounds us."

Everyone knows that the *Mélodies Grégoriennes* of Dom Pothier, followed by the Solesmes editions of the Gradual and Antiphonal and by the more recent researches of Dom Mocquereau, have proved the basis of the present Gregorian reform of sacred music and have set the standard for the whole Church. Finally, the order has spread from Solesmes into distant provinces and other countries, from Ligugé in Poitou, where Huysmans was an oblate, to Wisque near Calais, to St. Wandrille in Belgium, to Silos in Spain, to Quarr, Farnborough and Stanbrook in England.

I have felt this bit of history to be useful in establishing the peculiar atmosphere of Solesmes, but on second thoughts, I doubt very much whether its peculiar atmosphere depends in the least, either on its history or its achievements. After all, I did not go into Maine for archaeological reasons. I experienced no particular hunger for historical monuments, nor for pure plainchant, nor for monastery gardens, nor for any of the accidents which grace the path of the happy pilgrim. I went because I could not do otherwise.

It is not to underline the darker side of things to say that life, once the age of illusion be past, is a battle against powers visible and invisible, and this being the case, a man has need of all the moral force he can summon to his aid. This force he can seek in himself, in his work or in what Baudelaire named "the reservoir of all strength and of all goodness, namely in God." To the Christian, the Catholic, these statements will seem sad commonplaces, but it is curious to see how it sometimes takes half a lifetime to appreciate them in their strength, and the modern world is full of those who will understand them never. Should a man seek this supernatural energy in himself, and find instead the negation of life, the demon of sterility, the void in person, he is already beaten in advance. Should he seek it in his work, he is confronted always with the inescapable truth uttered by the priest on Ash Wednesday as he traces the cross on the forehead of his penitent: "Memento homo quia pulvis est." There remains God, and one must not imagine, with the amiable Puritan poet, Lowell, that "only God can be had

for the asking," that it is as easy as all that. Between the seeker and his unique Aim there is often a gulf from which rise obscurely, like the vapors of a ravine, all the bad miasmas of inherited inferiorities and acquired perversities, of an abject scepticism, of that vanity still more abject which Carlyle called the eighth deadly sin. The discipline demanded to descend into the pit on one side only to mount into the light on the other is the very reason and motive of the type of monasticism we have attempted to describe.

The secret of Solesmes is that everything there tends to simplify and fortify a soul in danger of losing itself. Very little allowance seems to have been made by nature or man for the physical or sensuous aspect of things. The landscape, save by an effort of fancy, remains commonplace, or rather, as said my friend, it contains nothing but the abbey, and the latter is not an abbey but a fortress, a kind of castle of the soul. Moreover, one sees nothing of it save its Homeric refectory, and its church. Everything in the vast place seems subordinated to, concentrated upon, the sanctuary, and entering the latter one observes that everything within is half concealed, all but effaced, before a plain table of communion, rising beyond slim white

columns, surmounted by a suspended tabernacle in which dwells the one Hope and Salvation of humanity. In such a place, that sublime Lenten liturgy speaks to the heart, or better yet, to the will, as that of no other season possibly could. Those introits and graduals, those stripped and classic collects, above all the epistles, taken mostly from the Prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel, have taught us to admire the English of the Roman Catholic Scriptures more than that of the King James version. The first speaks to the eye, then to the intellect; the second, like Elizabethan poetry, mainly to the ear, the sense of music.

One would like to quit Solesmes for that turmoil of struggles and vices which any great city, especially Paris, represents on this note, for example:

"Thus saith the Lord God: If thou wilt take away the chain out of the midst of thee, and cease to speak that which profiteth not. When thou shalt pour out thy soul to the hungry, and shalt satisfy the afflicted, then shalt thy light rise up in darkness, and thy darkness be as the noonday. . . . And the places that have been desolate for ages shall be built up in thee."

The secret of Solesmes, after all, what is it but that of the universal and eternal Church of God?

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN PARAGUAY: III*

By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER

DURING the following year, Spanish and Portuguese forces proceeded to attack the Jesuit republic. The Spaniards, however, had to withdraw to the banks of the La Plata, on encountering bodies of Indian troops of considerably greater numerical strength than themselves, while the Portuguese, who had advanced westward from Sao Pedro to Rio Grande de San Pedro, were equally unsuccessful; the Indians, under the leadership of the fathers, continually harassed them and enticed them into ambushes, thereby compelling them to conclude an armistice.

It having become evident that separate action was impracticable, the Spanish joined forces with the Portuguese in a combined attack. They immediately found themselves faced by a regular system of fortified works defended by guns, from which the Indians could be evicted only after a desperate struggle costing many lives, after which the Indians withdrew to a new line of defense in the mountains, the capture of which so exhausted the troops that a further advance had to be deferred for some weeks. It was not until six months after the commencement of hostilities that the European troops entered the first Indian settlement, which had been abandoned by its inhabitants and put

to flames. One after the other, the seven districts to be surrendered to Portugal had to be conquered, during which process an entire Spanish cavalry brigade was attacked and captured by the Indians.

Only by bringing up a fresh army as reinforcements was the Portuguese general finally able to cope with the situation; the Jesuits withdrew their troops to the eastern bank of the Uruguay, where the expeditionary force now found itself confronted by an Indian army 14,000 strong.

In the mean time, the republic had also had to fight for its life in the north, for in that direction also a Spanish-Portuguese frontier agreement had been concluded at its expense. As the Jesuits did not possess sufficient troops to offer armed resistance simultaneously on two fronts, they organized a complete strike and inaugurated an extensive boycott movement in the north.

The Boundary Commission, wishing to leave the Rio Negro, the Indian work people in Para, the capital of the province, went on strike in order to prevent the departure of the commissioners. Boatmen could not be found to row their craft, and when eventually they were forcibly recruited, it was learned that, under the orders of the Jesuits, the Indians had deserted their villages in all parts of the province, taking all their foodstuffs with them.

In a letter from the bishop of Para to the court of Lisbon, it is stated that:

* Parts one and two of this narrative, which is taken from *The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits to be published by the Viking Press, appeared in The Commonwealth the last two weeks.*

The missionaries went so far in disobedience as explicitly to forbid the natives in all the villages on the banks of the Tapajos to plant breadfruit trees. Acting under their instructions, the Indians refused to sell anything to the white people. . . .

In the mean time, the fathers also endeavored to make the Portuguese troops harmless by undermining their discipline. The governor-general reported at the time that

Father Aleixo Antonio tried to get on friendly terms with certain officers, and, under the virtuous pretext of instructing them in the exercises of Saint Ignatius, persuaded them to remain in the college. . . . He and his fellow-fathers did their best to convince the officers that I had left the city without orders from his Majesty, and that I had of my own initiative led the army into these forests where they were doomed to perish of starvation. All this, they stated, I had done to gratify my own whim.

It soon afterward happened that Portuguese troops deserted to the Jesuits, taking with them their ammunition and rations. But the fury of the higher command reached its climax when, during a further advance, the troops found themselves confronted by a Jesuit defensive work armed with guns and held by the Indians under the leadership of two fathers. This fortress was so skilfully constructed that the Portuguese suspected that the two fathers were really not priests at all, but disguised engineer officers.

But soon after this period, better times were to dawn for the South American slave-dealers, for now, after the unexpected difficulties over the boundary settlement, their complaints against the accursed fathers who for a century and a half had ruined their business were to find willing listeners. Even the authorities in Madrid and Lisbon allowed themselves to be convinced that the "human rights of the Indians" constituted a grave danger to the whole colonial policy.

The most serious accusations were made against the Jesuits; it was alleged that the taxes levied by the Jesuits bore no proportion to the enormous trade income of the country. It was further stated that the fathers had arbitrarily concluded formal treaties with the neighboring Indian tribes, that they had gone so far as to order their subjects to refuse obedience to the Spanish and Portuguese authorities, and even that in Paraguay there was a Jesuit king called Nicholas, who had issued golden coins bearing his own image.

If all this was not sufficient to induce the authorities in Europe to adopt energetic measures, the enemies of the Jesuits were able to bring forward another argument which could not fail to produce the desired effect. It was now alleged that the fathers had discovered gold mines in Paraguay, whose existence they had kept strictly secret.

An Indian even came to the governor of Buenos Aires with a map of the country showing these gold mines, on which the fortifications constructed by the Jesuits for the defense of this treasure were also

clearly marked. The governor immediately set out to investigate the matter on the spot, but, though he failed to discover the least trace of the gold mines, no one from that time onward had any doubt regarding the existence there of untold wealth. This firm conviction had an effect which would not have been produced so rapidly in any other way; all concerned with the Spanish colonial possessions, from the prime minister down to the least junior official, were inspired by the one passionate idea of obtaining possession of this gold.

The general enmity which had meanwhile grown up against the Society of Jesus in the European courts, in the convents, boudoirs and professors' studies, naturally strengthened the decision to overthrow the Jesuit republic. In 1759, the order was banished from Portugal, and in 1767 the same thing happened in Spain, and the Spanish premier, Aranda, took the necessary steps to put an end to Jesuit rule in Paraguay.

A number of commissioners were dispatched to the settlements, and these officials ransacked every college and every drawer, in search of the mythical wealth of the Jesuits, but in this they were bitterly disappointed.

Father Florian Baucke reports regarding his experiences at the hands of these commissioners:

Their first concern was to take possession of my few belongings. Even the most unimportant item of furniture was seized. After searching every coffer and box, they asked where the money was. I told them we had none, since we always obtained everything we needed by barter. . . .

Alexander von Humboldt also writes:

When the Jesuits in Santa Fé were thrown into prison, no trace was found on them of the piles of piastres, the emeralds of Muzo, the gold ingots of Choco, which the enemies of the Society had alleged they possessed. The erroneous conclusion was arrived at that these treasures had really existed, but had been entrusted to faithful Indians, and concealed in the cataracts of the Orinoco until the order should be restored at some future date.

Disappointed of their booty, the Spaniards and Portuguese treated the imprisoned fathers with every brutality, at first keeping them in close confinement like malefactors, and then transporting them to Europe between decks in their men-of-war.

The churches, schools and workshops of the Jesuits were either demolished or allowed to fall into ruin. As to the fate of the library established by the Jesuits in Paraguay, a Protestant author writes as follows:

This magnificent collection suffered the same fate as the famous Alexandrian library. It was not an Omar, or the savages of the Gran Chaco who destroyed them, but Christians, spiritual descendants of that Theodosius who ordered the destruction of the Alexandrian library. They used most of the Jesuits' books for making cartridges, for baking biscuits, or for lantern lights, and I had a similar experience to that of the historian Oro-

sus, who found in Alexandria only the empty bookcases of the library which was formerly there.

Secular officials were appointed to take charge of the settlements which had been deprived of their masters, and they made it their first business to seize for their own benefit the church ornaments, the foodstuffs in the granaries and the cattle. But, as they could no longer sing and make music in the settlements, many of the Indians escaped from their new rulers by fleeing to and wandering aimlessly in the dense forests which the fathers had formerly induced them to leave.

In theory, the system of common ownership of property remained in force in the depopulated settlements, and it was not until 1848 that the Paraguayan dictator, Lopez, issued a decree finally abolishing the communist form of government among the Indians. As from that date, the inhabitants of the former Jesuit state became citizens of the Brazilian republic, and their storehouses and property were sequestered by the state. Joseph de Maistre writes:

When we consider that this order inspired by the doctrines of the Christian Church, founded its rulership in Paraguay solely on the influence of its virtues and of its talents, that the Jesuits taught the savages of South America to appreciate the magic influence of music, when finally we remember that it was only through the co-operation of corrupt ministries and of courts of justice which had been seized by madness that it became possible to overthrow this magnificent Society, then only can we visualize in our imagination that madman who rejoicingly tramples a clock beneath his feet, crying the while: "I will stop your noise!"

It is true that, from the early days of the eighteenth century up to our own time, there have been those who have sought to depreciate the value of what was done in Paraguay, and to cast doubt on the fathers' integrity. They simply could not admit that such an ideal state really existed, still less that it should have been the work of the hated Jesuits.

Those critics who, as the result of investigations, were compelled to admit the reality of the Indian state of Paraguay and of its institutions denied that the Jesuits possessed any originality, and sought to prove that what they had established was founded on certain political novels written in the sixteenth century. It is true that, if we compare the Jesuit republic with the island of Utopia which was invented by the English lord chancellor, More, we find remarkable coincidences: like Paraguay, Utopia consists of a number of cities planned on the same lines, each of them forming the centre of an agricultural district of a prescribed size. The inhabitants are not the owners but the tenants of the land, which belongs to the community. Each citizen has to perform a certain amount of agricultural work and is further allocated to a trade to follow. The men carry on weaving, mason's and potter's work, wood-work, metal-work, while the women are chiefly engaged in spinning.

We find equally surprising resemblances between the institutions in the Jesuit settlements and those in the City of the Sun which was imaginatively described by the Dominican monk, Campanella. This City of the Sun is a republic ruled by a priest, its whole social life being based on pure communism and on the administration of productive wealth by the state. All property is held in common, and every citizen is required to work, the lighter forms of labor being allotted to the women. Among the arts, music is specially cultivated, and when the Solarians make thank-offerings to their God, these take the form of music.

It would, however, be equally easy to find similar parallels in every other communist Utopia, but it has ever been the case that all these visions of an ideal state with no class distinctions have sprung from the world-old day-dream of Paradise Lost.

This reflection brings us nearer to an understanding of how it came to pass that the Jesuits were able to set up their Utopia in Paraguay. Far from having modeled their state on any preconceived theories, the fathers rather made primitive innocence of their Indians the basis of the whole of the economic and political organization of their settlements.

When a group of learned dreamers attempted to bring about the establishment of Communism in the twentieth century, they were at once faced by an infinitely difficult task. For, no matter how backward the Russians may have been compared with the remainder of Europe, they are nevertheless Europeans in this, that they differ from one another in innumerable ways according to the nature of their talents and vices, of their desires and passions; they had long since lost that holy simplicity, that absence of individuality, that lack of material needs, which in Paraguay facilitated the establishment of a classless and ideal state.

For this reason, despite immeasurable bloodshed, Bolshevism has so far fallen short of its aims, but the Jesuits in Paraguay had merely to adapt their rules to the desires and needs of their uncivilized forest Indians, and, under their guidance, the "ideal communist state" came into being entirely of its own motion. Its history is manifestly one of the most interesting and suggestive narratives in the long chronicle of development in the Americas.

El Greco's Crucifixion

Nailed,
He has risen.

Among clouds
Weighted with ice,
Charged with storm,
Only a mortal shape suspends.

This cross,
A flag-pole planted on a mountain peak,
This flesh
A flag.

MELVILLE CANE.

OUR RENAISSANCE OF DIGNITY

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

THERE is nothing more primarily American about George Babbitt than there is about beefsteak or kissing or city water plants. He is a figure in the frontier history of contemporary business life, a sequential outcome of an upsurping of living standards and the fading of entrepreneurship in small business. He is a phenomenon of a cycle turn; he appears and vanishes and then appears again. Epigrammatic Main Streets could be foaled and Sinclair Lewises could no doubt flourish in modern England or France or Germany or China.

But Babbitt-hood is passing the more uproarious stages of its frontier history. Youth and wide open spaces require loud voices, but establishment and reduced distances allow for propriety and composure. Contemporary America is fast reaching that stage of establishment. Other nations have reached it, held it and lost it again. In a sense, some of our older cities have done just that. But the great body of America still strains after the alluring fruit of culture.

The past two decades have been an era of unprecedented ladder-climbing and the Americanus has been kept humping it. For not only must he finance all of these surges and ebbs of modernism and sophistication and cultural dignity, but he must himself become modern and sophisticated and cultured while he is about it. In the old days a grocer could be a grocer and a bank clerk could ride a bicycle and drink lemonade and play croquet and read Peck's Bad Boy and feel all right about it so long as he went to Sunday school regularly and kept his coat buttoned up and his collar and cuffs correctly starched. But now the world in general expects him to know about Eugene O'Neill, auction bridge, Spinoza, George Jean Nathan, executive policies of General Motors and the notable highlights of contemporary literary scandal. And the groceryman's second assistant basket-filler is expected to know about Freud and H. L. Mencken and birth control.

The lionesses and the lions are doing their all-firedest to get on to the how of etiquette and social behavior. Speaking generally they are sincere and aboveboard about it. They expect to become better persons and it appears probable that they are succeeding. Their goal is old as the pages of history. Progenitors of Elizabethan cavaliers met with much the same problems, so did the elders of Athens and the lords of Mercia.

This new dignity is making sundry outcroppings in the various fields of contemporary American life. For example, there is our present-day advertising. It is my firm conviction that America has the most dignified advertising in the commercialized world, certainly not excepting the British. It is my steady and unsubstantiated conviction, too, that we have fewer billboards

to the highway mile, less malodorous newspaper and magazine advertising and fewer sandwichmen to the city block than has any considerable segment of modern-day Europe.

Other instances are about in convenient abundance. Our lunch times are increasing in duration, and dinners last provokingly far past dinner time. Our better restaurants are being managed with greater dignity and deliberateness. Minute marvel cafés with tables for ladies and gents seem generally headed the way of dodos and spring buggies. Many of our theatres are showing a happier consideration for their wares and patrons. Moving-picture houses are for the most part better run now than they were, say, five years ago, and so, generally speaking, are fairs, carnivals, open markets, clothing shops, bus services, tourist boats, resorts, legitimate dance halls and illegitimate speakeasies. All to the end of greater profits, the sceptical bystander may say. Perhaps so, but all contribute to the new American dignity.

Another example is our contemporary literature of illiteracy. Take the comic strip. Our comic strips represent an interminable series of burrowings into current fields of imagination, aspirations and fantasy. They have an epic spontaneity of narrative. They are resourceful, folkish and basically vigorous. The comic-strip writer dares to be homely and trivial and thorough. He pictures the casual interludes of every day with skits which amuse us and continue to amuse, even though genius may fade and great thoughts become trite. He dispenses the greatest of all the humanities—the unconscious and the unobserved.

A nation-wide quality, whether it be newly sprung or hoary with standing, is certain to have contributory factors and secondary points of support, nourishment or perpetuation. The new American dignity is no exception. Naturally enough, so complex and entangled a quality cannot be weighed with scientific accuracy nor dissected with surgical precision, but even the most casual looker-on might notice at least three other generative sources of this new dignity; one is the American Negro, another the contemporary backwoodsman and a third the old-stock westerner.

It is my firm belief that the colored American is possessed of as much genuine dignity as any fellow of the human sort. He has acquired a gregarious dignity and an everyday stateliness which cannot handily be rivaled. He has respect for callings and for the simple honors of attainment. He holds honest veneration for age and professional attainment; to him virtues are to be soundly weighed and a man is openly a man. A noticeable majority of Negroes are capable of friendship without familiarity, of jocundity without insolence.

I have spent wet winters and double-portioned sum-

mers in the cotton country of the South; I have watched the tenant Negro, burdened with heat and poverty and malnutrition and Confederate tradition and I have watched with deepest admiration the princeliness and the invincibility of his race dignity. I have recollections of age-withered mammies lecturing to wide-eyed congregations of piccaninnies on the principles of right behavior and good conduct and I have subsequently listened to the piccaninnies pointing out the blunderings and insufficiencies of their white-skinned contemporaries, treating them tolerantly yet with pertinent discernment.

Memories crowd upon me of sundry interludes of Negro gracefulness and race dignity. A rickety old field Negro riding past on a proportionately rickety jackass, riding with a dignity which poverty and burdening years and tattered clothes and unharmonious patches can in no way obliterate. Again I watch two stygian bootblacks in the everyday process of closing shop. They brush chairs, polish metal and fold shine-rags. Then with quaint gracefulness they help one another into tattered overcoats, light their pipes, and each motions the other to lead the way out. So they pass through the door simultaneously and stroll away down Smoky Row to the far hovels of Tin Cup exuding blue wreathes of smoke and soft zephyrs of merriment. Theirs is a comradeship free of the conventional indignities of familiarity. They are of a people who have reached the age for tacit assumption and fuller living.

By a strange turn of irony the American Negro has founded and perpetuated a dignity of indignities. For generations a traditional butt for slapstick, stage hooley and dumb ha-has, he has nevertheless maintained a personality of self-respect which generations of derision and ignorance and mistellings cannot weather. Comedians and jokesmiths by the dollar-gathering thousands have portrayed the Negro as a day-long dispenser of all that is ludicrous and simple. And fiction writers who undertake to tell a credulous world about Negro life are altogether too prone to overseason it with ceremonial parades and brass bands and pork shops and grotesque gluttonies and penny prudential fraternal orders.

And the American backwoods seems to me a country of dignity, taking the term in its true fulness. The run of backwoodsmen do not have the rawness and awkwardness which is conventionally associated with farming people. They are an old people lost among old hills. Loud talk has simmered down to mild speculation. Their towns are merely places. The uproar of first enthusiasms has abated and their life has come to be a leisurely and speculative one. The backwoodsman is a commoner who accepts and keeps silent. To him life is not basically a matter for words. His higher rhapsodies are usually inarticulate. He comprehends the futility of words, the superfluity of saying.

If you are a stranger he will meet you as an undisputed equal, offer you his scant fare without embarrassment and expect it to be accepted in such a way. The

run of backwoodsmen have a primitive and clear-cut forwardness. Their types and purposes are true to form. Courtship, for example, is courtship and there can be no reasonable mistaking it. The creek-bottom bully is the creek-bottom bully, openly and unmincingly.

The American backwoodsman is descended from a race of pioneers who valued personal independence more than position or property, and independence and self-sufficiency remain the primary ingredients of backwoods dignity. If a hillman does not have the price of an article he generally does without it. If he has no shoes he will go barefoot; if he is without an overcoat he will brave the winter in jeans and jumper; if he lacks the price of dental work his teeth will rot. Little public charity is offered and still less taken.

The average backwoods home is surprisingly free of parental restraint or of pedagogical hammering. Occasionally a head of house will fly off the crank handle and whup up with somebody, but it is likely that such spells are transitory as spring thunder showers and not a tenth so frequent. In upbrush America it is more essentially put to the individual himself to decide whether he will live as an abiding elder or keep to the fine ethical scruples of a transient tomcat.

Self-sufficiency builds for self-respect and self-respect for dignity. The upcountry commoner reckons to build up his own cabin and keep it going. The processes of self-sufficiency make him less coöperative and less imitative than the generality of contemporaries. His home is his bed place and his citadel, the castle of which he is lord. The walls may run a bit slaunchwise and the roof may be a ways catawampus, but it is nevertheless his home, the polaris of his days. Companionate to this adoration of home there is a powerful element of pride in locale and in sectional integrities.

The other morning I was loafing about a country store in northwest Arkansas. Just as the store-porch cogitators were beginning to get the lay of things in conversation, a drummer out of St. Louis struck up about the unapproachable fertility of a particular stretch of hog and wheatland up his way. When the end had come, Uncle John Holland uncrossed his legs and surveyed the teller just a trifle diagonally.

"Yessuh, I reckon your country can grow mighty fine corn and wheat and hogs. Come to them things, we ain't nothin' to brag about. But you know, these old hills aroun' here can grow men."

But the vastest of all the strongholds of dignity is the American West. By West I mean specifically the country between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, excepting California, which is a phenomenon too varied and complex and contradictory for convenient mention. In spite of our uproarious progressiveness America is still capable of individuality, both personal and sectional, and although boundaries merge, our states continue to preserve distinct and recognizable personalities.

The westerner of today is very likely to be the son or grandson of first-strain pioneers who took to the

Oregon trail and deliberately put 2,000 miles of rough country between themselves and the ways and resources of the life then contemporary. The open school of hard and rough country required that they live up to Eugene Manlove Rhodes's epic definition:

"As to the frontiersmen, I knew them well. They were five-feet-eleven, they weighed 164 pounds, and they were made of watch springs, whale bone and dynamite."

The early West had slight time for proprieties and non-essentials; it was a land of open range, competitive herds and self-established justice.

And West is still West. Albeit cowboys do drive Ford trucks and the gunmen have moved to the cities, the far West remains a country of young frontiers. Its brief age of boosters and live wires is waning. The growing contests are about settled. Seattle is bigger than Tacoma, Los Angeles has outgrown San Francisco and New York is still the biggest city in this man's republic. The talk of the citizenry has simmered down into complacency.

Speaking generally, the new westerner is a pretty true son of the old westerner. The result is that the man of the West, even the common, everyday man, has a well-defined and inherent dignity which prohibits either insolence or servileness. Self-respect, dignity and generosity, qualities of the rare and cultured man, may be in the West traits of the common man.

The westerner of today is a common man of a rare and civilized sort. Whether he be a highway laborer or a college president, the chances are that he can be cordial without being familiar, that he can be accommodating without intruding upon one's privacy. Pulls and first families and parasitic pasts are of minimum counting. You cannot inherit a westerner's respect and you cannot buy it. He is solicitous of one's dignity as well as of one's bodily comfort. He does not seize upon one as a patron confessor, nor does he expect his guest to give himself wholeheartedly away. And above all he is capable of a tacit assumption of equality.

To a Writer

Not because you do not see
The shaken instability
Of what supports our fragile days,
Not because a rosy haze
Obscures your sight (the edge beneath
Convention's curved and molded sheath
Is know to you) do you refuse
To wear the black mask, or to use
A knife because a knife is there,
Or capture kindness in a snare.

You are of those who have traversed
Fierce country dying men have cursed,
Where travelers pay heavy tolls
And poisoned fruit feeds hungry souls.
There are some things you know too well
To make bright epigrams on hell.

LORETTA ROCHE.

THE SPIRIT OF GREGORIAN

By VINCENT C. DONOVAN

NO MUSICIAN questions the authority of Mr. Ernest Bloch in modern music. It is of interest, therefore, that Mr. Bloch should have said, a few years ago, to the writer:

"Gregorian chant is the basis of all our music, and probably the greatest, the most "modern," the most beautiful music ever written. It is eternally young, because it was written by inward necessity. It will stay young and new, when our so-called 'modern music' will have become obsolete."

The Church recognizes the human need of appealing to the senses; but her purpose in this is not so much the stimulation of the emotions as their regulation. They are necessary means, but they are not to be rested in as ends, because they are able to grasp only the present, concrete fact, and not the intangible, universal idea which facts embody. She aims to stimulate action. But only desire can enkindle that. And desire is generated by thought. This is why the Church stresses the importance of the liturgical text; it contains the ideas which are to instruct, persuade and transform man. But human nature is so constituted that, as scientists tell us, "the presence in the consciousness of appropriate feelings is indispensable to mental assimilation."

So the Church with her deep insight and her burning zeal, uses as an integral part of her worship the most emotional, yet most intangible, of the arts to generate an idea, thus through beauty to impel society to truth and goodness.

The whole nature of Gregorian chant proves this. Its tonality, melodic line, rhythm and dynamics emphasize the intangibility of the idea they aim to supplement and clarify by appealing to the emotions, yet lifting us above them. The dignity and chastity of the diatonic scales, which constitute its tonality, purify the senses while stimulating them, and in this purging there is peace, not the restlessness of modern chromatics. The same equanimity is felt in the chant's melodic line, which progresses steadily by means of small intervals rather than by the nervous leaps of the moderns. This is largely because the chant melody naturally achieves what Wagner sought in his music-dramas, as told us by Mr. Henderson, "The interpretation of text by sung tones . . . using the music just as he would the inflections of the voice in speaking to bring out the meaning of the sentences."

The Gregorian melodies accentuate the natural inflections of the voice in oratoric speech. Their rhythm is the rhythm of that speech, and makes palpable the sea-like flow of the melodies, uniting the melodic elements into intelligible words and phrases, and so emphasizing the textual idea. The dynamics clarify this idea by delicate nuances of the crescendo and decrescendo, the billowy flow lifting up in perfect symmetry, on graduated planes of emphasis, the phrases which express the idea. The melody, rhythm and dynamics flow from the idea because they spring from the word expressing it, and do for the text what faith does for reason—carries it beyond its own limitations. Music, through the medium of Gregorian chant, thus becomes truly the language of the soul. It is ethereal because it does not use sound for sound's sake, but for sense's sake. It is the glory of Dom André Mocquereau, O.S.B., recently deceased at his abbey of Saint Peter, Solesmes, France, to have restored this lost beauty to the Church and society at large. For practically half a century, with the aid of his Benedictine brethren at Solesmes, he labored patiently and with scientific scrupulosity

at digging out from hundreds of manuscripts the lost tradition of Gregorian art. The *Paléographie Musicale* is the result of this scientific research, and one of the greatest achievements in the modern field of research. Not only with his keen, honest mind but also with a heart fired by faith and love, Dom Mocquereau found the key to the Gregorian hieroglyphics, and reinterpreted for us the Church's own song, as it was in its pristine beauty after Gregory the Great's compilation. The secrets of Gregorian art he has left us in a two-volume work of fascinating clarity, *Le Nombre Musical*. It is *the* authoritative work, on Gregorian chant. It convinces because its principle is that of the *Paléographie* of which we might say it is an epitome. "Res non verba" was the motto of that; the facts of the Gregorian composers, not the preconceived theories of modernists limited in their knowledge by their own self-sufficiency, give us definitely the principles of intelligent interpretation of liturgical chant.

In 1919 the writer spent several memorable months at the feet of this saintly monk. Dom Mocquereau agreed with the writer that the realization of the Church's command that her liturgical music be restored to popular use depended in large measure on the coöperation of the faithful in the United States. He was intrigued, therefore, at learning of the work and aim of Mrs. Ward and the Pius X School of Liturgical Music endowed by her. A year later they met at the International Gregorian Congress in New York City. Mrs. Ward then went to Europe to absorb the teaching of the Gregorian master. The next year he wrote me:

"Mrs. Ward is here. I am giving her daily lessons in Gregorian chant, and she assists at all the Offices assiduously. When she leaves Quarr she will be well grounded in both the practice and the theory." Several months later he wrote regarding Gregorian courses one of his brethren was giving in this country: "But what is most encouraging for the future in America is the Gregorian chant which Mrs. Justine Ward has for several months been preparing here for the children. This good lady has taken our method, assimilated it and exposed it to the little ones with an admirable art. I hope for much from these instructions." Dom Mocquereau lived to see that hope more than realized. His authoritative approval was more than once, in writing and in person given to the work of the Pius X School at Sacred Heart College.

It is of great moment, then, that, almost on the occasion of the silver jubilee of Pius X's *Motu Proprio*, and the death of Dom Mocquereau there should be released by the Victor Talking Machine Company, a set of two records made by the Pius X Choir under the direction of Mrs. Ward. The Pius X School was delighted to accept the Victor Company's invitation to make these recordings of the chant because the need for a model had been felt in the schools and among the earnest students of liturgical music. In years past an occasional record of the chant had been made by other choirs, but the renditions were more or less arbitrary, and the recording was not what it is today. Now, however, students of music, apostles of the liturgy, and lovers of the beautiful in general have authentic renditions. The *Cum Jubilo Mass*, its various parts dating from the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, is sung by the Pius X Choir, trained by Mother Stevens and Mrs. Ward (and Dom Mocquereau himself!) under the immediate direction of Mrs. Ward, with Mr. Achille Bragers at the organ. The whole Ordinary of the Mass, as sung by celebrant and choir, is included.

Through its beautiful recording Dom Mocquereau's principles which were those of the golden era of the chant, become

living realities. The purity and smoothness of melodic line, enhanced by a lovely tone, the rhythmic sweep of phrase, the delicate nuance of the dynamics are thrillingly recorded. Above all float the words of the text—a body glorified, clarified and interpreted by the soul the chant breathes into it. One realizes on hearing it the truth of the statement that "what we cannot say, we sing." Song says so much more than mere words! In listening one realizes why the Church has been so rigorous and steadfast in her age-long legislation regarding liturgical music. And one cannot help but appreciate the following words of Saint Augustine:

"How I have wept at the hymns and songs, deeply moved by the voices of your sweet-sounding church music. These voices forced an entrance into my ear, and with them the truth into my heart. They awakened emotions of warm devotion and tears which benefited me."

It is to be hoped that these records of the chant, so true in rendition and so marvelous in reproduction, will be secured, studied and absorbed by hierarchy, clergy, religious choirs, schools and the laity at large. For these records should hasten the day when the new barbarians are converted from their vulgarity to beauty. A further step in this direction will be the proposed recording of the Mass and Vespers as sung by the monks of Solesmes themselves. An announcement from the Victor Company says negotiations for this epoch-making work are under way. Perhaps then the day will not be far off when the liturgical ideal will be realized in the twentieth as in the ninth century, and we shall hear a male chancel choir alternating with the congregation in the musical idiom of the Church. Eusebius said: "We sing God's praises with living psalter, inspired cithara and spiritual songs. For more pleasant and dear to God than any instrument is the harmony of the whole Christian people, when in all the churches of Christ we sing psalms and hymns with harmonious minds and well-tuned hearts."

The Jelly Fish

Had God no other heart but this
To show the beauty that is He,
This single, cold heart were enough,
Solitary in the sea.

Here are the chorals of the tides,
The music of the far moon's might,
Here the processions of day
And here recessionals of night.

The power that throws up the surf
Of stars unborn on outer space
Shows as surely in this veined
Creature which is opal lace.

The circles where the planets make
A year seem comely as an hour
Are no surer than the whorl
Of the edge of this live flower.

The white volcanoes of a sun
Ten million hissing furlongs hurled
Are repeated in this pulse,
This cool heart-beat of a world.

Yearning and repletion shape
This systole and this diastole,
And in this frail transparency
God moves essentially and whole.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

COMMUNICATIONS

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The title to The Commonweal article of March 12, Washington Crossing the Rio Grande, aroused my interest as to its contents. I was familiar with Washington crossing the Potomac, and Washington crossing the Delaware, but I had never heard of Washington Crossing the Rio Grande.

When I read the story I discovered that it related to an amusing pageant on Washington's birthday on the Texas border, some years ago. A train of thoughts had been suggested that could not be quieted, and I submit them that they may lead to some constructive action.

The year 1932 will be the bicentenary of the birth of General George Washington, first President of the United States and of beloved memory as the father of his country. The manner in which this event may be commemorated appropriately has been debated by many thoughtful minds, and has been discussed on the floors of Congress. Chicago is now making preparations for an international world's fair. The occasion will be as widely and generally observed as the quadricentenary of the discovery of America by Columbus in 1892 and 1893.

It is an occasion of which patriots of every degree and shade will take advantage, to make known their various views on Americanism. In this connection there will be extravagant assertions of 100 percent Americanism by many who have small right to voice such claims. Conspicuous in this class will be those disturbers of the peace who were responsible for the outbreak of intolerance during the recent presidential campaign.

Just imagine what a storm of condemnation would have swept over the land if Catholic pulpits and Catholic centres had been used for the circulation of vicious detractions, of unscrupulous misrepresentations and foul slanders of Protestantism. Of course it would be unthinkable for Catholics to adopt any such methods.

Who but Catholics can establish complete proof of perfect Americanism? This continent was discovered and explored by Catholics. The first to teach and proclaim the principles of religious liberty in America were Catholics and the only religious martyrs who consecrated this fair land with their life blood were Catholic missionaries. Why not a Catholic celebration of the Washington bicentenary in nearly every diocese in the United States?

In what more effective manner can the twentieth-century spirit of Catholic Action—so much advocated by the Holy Father—be shown than by coupling American Catholic culture with the revered memory of George Washington? The bringing together of our loyal laity would lead to the solution of many problems that would result in tremendous moral and material benefits to our entire population.

We Catholics do not seem to have realized the momentous changes that have taken place in the social and material worlds during the past century. Our lives, to a great extent, have been determined by the traditions of earlier centuries, instead of the constructive inspirations of the present age. Witness: the helplessness of Catholics in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Central and South America—and Mexico! In these countries, a few non-Catholics or anti-Catholics, of second- and third-rate ability, bound together by secret ties, override the millions of

Catholics as ruthlessly as so many millions of slaves. Witness the present situation in Russia!

Just imagine the potential power of 20,000,000 of the best manhood and womanhood in all the world, if developed to its full capacity? The age of parades, pageants and fireworks, has passed. The demand of the present times is the development of men who can assume leadership in world affairs. There reposes a potential power in every man and woman that has received scant attention, a superpower that when translated into energy is the power that directs the affairs of the world. And it is on this superpower, that in the final analysis, all other power depends.

The giant strides in every department of intellectual and physical progress have been stimulated by frequent and numerous conventions. A thousand conventions and expositions are held annually in New York, and other thousands are held in other large cities, and in many of the medium-size towns throughout the United States. Many of these conventions are costly enterprises, and the testimony of hard-headed business men is that "it pays."

What enterprise so important as that of the Catholic Church? Therefore, Catholic celebrations of Washington's bicentenary—either diocesan or metropolitan—should be conceived in a big way. Let us show to the world that the American Catholic laity can conceive things in a big way and carry them out in a superior manner. The educational value of immediate preparation would be of great and permanent value, and no time should be lost. Two years are not too much time to prepare.

M. JOSEPH HARSON.

THE COMMONER

Des Moines, Ia.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of January 15, 1930, of The Commonweal there was an article entitled The Commoner by Father John A. Ryan, which seemed to be based principally on the life of the "Commoner" by Hibben and Bracken. If the contents of that book are properly portrayed in the article, it does Mr. Bryan very great injustice.

That is not my purpose in writing you. It is in regard to the erroneous conclusion of Father Ryan that the morality of Mr. Bryan was essentially Puritanism, and that he was not a man of depth or profound conviction.

My association with Mr. Bryan began in 1890, and from that time until the close of 1912 I was with him in all the political campaigns in which he was engaged. I have been at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, and he has been at mine in Des Moines, Iowa. He did not possess in any degree whatever anything bordering on Puritanical ideas. His ancestors were of Irish origin, settling in Virginia; from there going to West Virginia and Kentucky; and from thence to Illinois. During the early period of his life he was associated with those who were naturally opposed to Puritanism. After leaving college he entered the law office of ex-Senator Lyman Trumble of Chicago, Illinois, who did not have any symptom of Puritanism. His father was a member of the General Assembly of Illinois for eight years, and a judge of the district court of southern Illinois for twelve years. His mother was a broad-minded woman. He entered public life at thirty years of age. From that moment until the day of his death every act, deed

and word were contrary to the things which Father Ryan seems to indicate were the basic principles of his life.

Father Ryan intimates that his favoring the Philippine treaty indicates he did so with a sinister purpose, that imperialism might become an issue. The contrary is true.

On his resignation as colonel in the army in December, 1898, among other things he stated: "Now that the treaty of peace has been concluded I believe I can be of more use to my country as a civilian than as a soldier. Our nation is in greater danger now than is Cuba." That did not indicate he had any motive in advising the confirmation of the Philippine treaty for political purposes.

He was a firm believer in the Bacon resolution that was voted on by the United States Senate on January 11, 1899. The heart of that resolution was that the United States disclaimed any disposition or intention to exercise permanent sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over the said Islands. The vote was Yeas 29, Noes 29. The deciding vote was cast by Vice-President Hobart, thus defeating the resolution. He satisfactorily explained to the American people why he favored the ratification of the Philippine treaty, stating in his speech of acceptance in 1900—"I thought it safer to trust the American people to give independence to the Filipino, than to trust the accomplishment of that purpose to diplomacy with an unfriendly nation."

It is wholly unnecessary to refer to his library, as one of the authors cited by Father Ryan does, stating that it abounded in crank books. The contrary is true, as any one can state who observed his excellent working library at Lincoln.

There has not been delivered in a generation a more profound speech, evidencing research and depth of thought, than the one uttered by Mr. Bryan in 1893 in the House of Representatives on bi-metallism. This and his tariff address in the same Congress completely dispel the illusion in the mind of Father Ryan and the author of the book to which he refers.

He was successful in every proposition he presented to the American people, except one. Witness the income tax, popular election of the United States senators, arbitration of labor disputes, opposition to government by injunction, maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. Anyone advocating those policies, which ultimately became law, had more than ordinary depth of thought.

The only issue he lost was as to the coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. On the quantitative theory of money he won; for within ten years after the campaign of 1896 there came from the bowels of the earth more gold than had previously been obtained therefrom for centuries, and from that hour prosperity came to the nation, as there was money sufficient to maintain business. That was the contention of Mr. Bryan.

That he was tolerant of the views of others is well known. This country has not produced a public man more tolerant on religious questions than Mr. Bryan. In the campaign of 1908 some statements were made concerning Mr. Bryan and the Catholic Church. By letter he publicly repudiated such statements, and stated he would willingly have a Catholic on the ticket with him as a candidate for Vice-President. He enumerated his nomination by a Catholic at Denver, and that the president of the Bryan Club in Lincoln was a Catholic. In every way he challenged the proposition that he was unfriendly to the Catholic Church. I knew him intimately, and during my association with him heard not a single word derogatory to the Catholic Church. He never came to Des Moines, Iowa, that he did not address Saint Joseph's Academy, a Catholic college for young women.

The interview which he had with his Holiness on his trip around the world was warm and cordial. His description of the meeting was amiable and generous. He expressed to His Holiness that he brought the good-will of many Catholics in the United States. The Pope thanked him, and desired that Mr. Bryan convey his blessing to his many Catholic friends. One of his nearest friends was Father J. F. Nugent of Des Moines, Iowa, whom he loved as a brother, and was instrumental in having him appointed by President Wilson as minister to Jerusalem; but Father Nugent's health and age prevented him from accepting the office. After his death, when the Klan was claiming him as one of their own, his family came out in a published declaration that he was not, and never had been a member, nor believed in its principles.

It is peculiar that one said to be without depth or profundity, could have accomplished the results he did, and become and remained the leader of his party for two decades and the foremost citizen of the nation. He never bolted a party candidate. The Democratic party may not again receive power until it has a leader as unselfish and patriotic as Mr. Bryan standing for progressive policies.

Some day, some one will write his life as it was; not as prejudiced minds imagine it.

JERRY B. SULLIVAN,
Associate Justice,
United States Customs Court.

MARYLAND: 1649 VS. U. S. S. R.: 1930

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In an editorial entitled Maryland in 1649, appearing in its issue of March 29, the New York Telegram lays itself open to a most serious charge of misrepresentation. The editorial writer states that by the Act of 1649 religious liberty was granted in Maryland only to Trinitarian Christians and that Jews and Unitarians were not given religious freedom. He then concludes his article by saying that "It is well not to claim more for him than the historical records will support." It is obvious that the writer is referring to The Calvert Associates for he begins the editorial by mentioning the meeting at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 25. But both at the meeting and in *The Commonweal* it is freely admitted that the Act of 1649 left much to be desired. One of the points stressed on March 25 was that freedom was granted only to Trinitarian Christians and in *The Commonweal* of April 2 we find this statement: "Investigation shows that the wording of the act might have been even more liberal if immigrants from neighboring Virginia had not insisted upon a greater amount of rigor than the Calvert government demanded." Hence The Calvert Associates do not "claim more for him [Lord Baltimore] than historical records will support," but the Telegram is insinuating more than the facts will support.

In another part of the editorial the writer says: "To view the facts quite calmly Soviet Russia today legally provides for a much larger degree of religious freedom than existed in Catholic Maryland in colonial days." Religious freedom in Russia is "technically" provided, to use Father Walsh's distinction, but actually there is persecution for religious beliefs, while in Maryland when the Catholics were in control freedom of religion was legally limited but Jews and Protestants were not persecuted for matters of religion. It is apparent, therefore, that religious conditions in Maryland in 1649 were in a better state than they are in Russia today.

REGINALD T. KENNEDY.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Journey's End on the Screen

IN SPITE of the fact that Tiffany Productions labels its presentation of *Journey's End* as "the greatest screen drama of all time," one is almost inclined to agree with them—assuming, of course, that "all time" does not include all future time. Certainly an inborn prejudice against the absurd exploitation methods of the movies should not prevent the highest praise falling where it is due. The screen version of *Journey's End* marks, I believe, the beginning of the author's triumph over the deprivations of motion picture editors. It is an almost literal transcript of R. C. Sheriff's superb play, dialogue and all, and establishes a convincing precedent for the full use of a dramatist's own material in the new medium of the talking screen. In this respect, it is of one piece with that excellent screen version of *Disraeli*.

In many respects, we are still only half awake to the fundamental changes which the introduction of dialogue has brought about in the motion-picture industry. The average objection to the old line silent picture was based on the lack of subtlety in the telling of a story. Probably few of the objectors stopped to realize the mechanical difficulties which forced the screen to adopt trite captions and worn-out phrases. A caption and subtitle could have only a very few words. They had to be easily and quickly read in order not to hold up the swing of the narrative. Moreover, the telling of so much of the story in pantomime necessitated the use of obvious situations needing the least possible explanation. Partly for this reason, authors who had relied extensively on ingenious dialogue to carry their stories or plays were dumbfounded and outraged at the versions which finally appeared on the screen. This led to increased contempt for "movie mentality," originating with authors and seeping through to the more intelligent audiences. But the use of dialogue has changed all this.

The talking picture of today—with recording apparatus so improved that even quick undertones of speech can be caught—is almost as dependent on dialogue as the stage play itself. Attention is held through speech rather than narrative action. This has put back a premium upon the skill of the original writer, and given him virtual command of the situation. The major part of his play is now pretty apt to find its way to the screen intact, with only such cuts, embellishments and additions as the greater scenic freedom of the screen indicates. One may well look forward now to the time when the works of Shakespeare, Sophocles and many other classic authors will be recorded on the screen for the benefit of those communities which seldom or never have the opportunity of seeing a Margaret Anglin *Electra* or a Barrymore *Hamlet*. To have imagined a similar recording and adaptation for the silent screen would have been almost grotesque.

Journey's End prompts these particular thoughts because of the amazingly exact transcription it represents from play to screen. Aside from four or five scenes outside the dugout, used only to heighten atmosphere—and never to portray additional character scenes—the screen version is almost straight photography of the play. The producers have helped to insure the feeling of authenticity by using the services of James Whale as director, Mr. Whale being responsible for the original stage productions of the play itself. It is hard to commend adequately the artistic restraint of the producers in not attempting to foist

additional character scenes on the screen version. There were so many chances to spoil the effect of suggested action by direct visualization. The death of Lieutenant Osborne in the daylight trench raid, the wounding of Lieutenant Raleigh in the early stages of the German attack, and especially the fatal shell explosion which brings the journey of Captain Stanhope to a close—these scenes might easily have been given in gruesome detail if the producers had wished to take full advantage of screen freedom. But they have carefully kept the unity of viewpoint from the dugout itself. One sees general action in the trenches, but mostly in the mass, or shaped in dark silhouette against flares or the flashes of gunfire. Individual drama is kept in the dugout, and with all the same cumulative terror and pathos of the play.

I cannot say truthfully that the screen version has captured to the full the penetrating humanity of the stage play. There is something in the constant shifting of the camera and in the frequent use of close-ups which breaks the sense of cumulative strain one experienced from the stage production. The mounting terror of that pervasive silence preceding the German attack is lost to a slight degree. Casual incidents do not have quite the same significance. The value of detail has been hardly lost in a sense of too much detail. But if these finer points have been lost or blunted, it is still true that the main magic of Mr. Sheriff's work has remained and casts its implacable spell. Colin Clive makes an admirable Stanhope, and David Manners a splendid Raleigh. Ian MacLaren does not quite equal the superlative artistry of Leon Quartermaine as Osborne. After all, it is largely through Osborne's eyes that we see the import of this story of men at the last portals. It is through him that we feel the impending doom. It is through his inner struggle, which Mr. Quartermaine indicated by the most subtle facial changes, that we realize what the summons to death means to the non-military man. Mr. MacLaren lacks the finer touches which make Osborne the outstanding character of the play. He is good, but Quartermaine remains the incomparable Osborne. *Journey's End* easily marks the high point of this season's screen productions. (At the Gaiety Theatre.)

Al Jolson Again

IT IS a simply, frequently colorful and, of course, sentimental story in which Al Jolson makes his latest appearance on the talking screen. Its title, *Mammy*, is thoroughly in line with the Jolson legend, but indicates comparatively little of the real theme of the story which is that of a wandering troupe known as Meadows Merry Minstrels. Starting in near bankruptcy, they gradually strike a successful gait, permitting one of those full technicolor scenes of full minstrel panoply without which no production of this character would be full grown.

The main point seems to be that Warner Brothers have decided to let Mr. Jolson have a full fling at comedy as well as tears, so that Mammy furnishes quite acceptable all-round entertainment, with a touch of real drama here and there and—title to the contrary—a minimum of Mammy songs. Jolson has a peculiarly good voice for the recording screen and most of its amazing intensity comes through effectively. From his first song in the pelting rain to his last, he gives generously of that personality which stands almost unique in its kind to-

day. The supporting cast is excellent with Lowell Sherman in what must be, for him, the grateful rôle of a hero. Hobart Bosworth is, of course, the genial Meadows and Lois Moran, his daughter. Louise Dresser in the rôle of Al Jolson's mother supplies the Mammy theme with due intensity and pathos. But for most people, it is the music by Irving Berlin which make this vehicle peculiarly happy for Mr. Jolson. He can make such songs as Let Me Sing and I'm Happy, and Across the Breakfast Table Looking at You seem to have an importance quite beyond their mildly tuneful worth. (At Warner Brothers Theatre.)

They Never Grow Up

THE New York Theatre Assembly, which has never been quite happy in this, its first season's choice of plays, adds one more near-play to its list in Humphrey Pearson's *They Never Grow Up*. The initial idea is not bad, some of the individual scenes are effective in their own broadly satirical way, but the play as a whole hangs fire between satire and realism, the characters never emerge definitely as either fish or fowl, and the plot is so uneven in its pace—partly due to sloppy direction—that the net impression is far from compact entertainment.

Any one of a dozen practised dramatists might take the main idea and make something out of it—to wit, that a young business man of the Southwest grows so tired of routine, of family bridge parties and of the harangues of his wife and mother-in-law that he goes out in search of adventure (as he finds it in wild west stories) and accidentally falls into a real situation. It is an old and familiar skeleton of an idea, but one that could always be dressed up freshly to suit a not too exacting audience. To separate satire from reality, most playwrights, when using this idea, have resorted to the old dream trick, in which any fantastic nonsense can fill the time and enliven the comedy. But Mr. Pearson has decided to keep the whole action on the plane of real events, injecting the satire ad libitum with a rather disastrous breaking of illusion. Moreover, he has introduced other thoughts into his plot which complicate matters.

Andrew Ware, escaping from his home in company with his chauffeur, finds adventure in the form of a vivid Mexican lady who wishes to be smuggled across the border between bullets from the border patrol. Andrew, being slightly impervious to feminine blandishments, remains on the safe side of the situation until his wife and mother-in-law object and interfere. From then on the Mexican's charms and love of adventure make headway right up to the final curtain, when Andrew whisks her away under the protection of his gun for parts and a life unknown. In other words, Mr. Pearson has combined the story of a man who leaves wife and home for another woman with a broad satire on the love of story-book adventure in men who never grow up. The two stories do not mix, and the characters are never real enough in either key to make the play hold together.

Otto Kruger as Andrew, ably assisted by Claude Cooper as his chauffeur, get away with some amusing clowning in several scenes. Mary Fowler displays exceptional vigor as the cyclonic little Mexican and Anne Sutherland and Kathryn March make the mother-in-law and wife as disagreeable as possible. But the play is no real test or opportunity for actors of this calibre. It is inherently quite impossible to play the piece in one key and the necessity for mixing satirical farce with realism renders any hope of real characterization an impossibility. (At the Masque Theatre.)

BOOKS

Threading the Maze

Philosophy of Value, by Leo Richard Ward, C.S.C. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

THE subtitle of this work is *An Essay in Constructive Criticism*. Its author is a member of the faculty of philosophy in the University of Notre Dame. These two facts are not unrelated. The neo-scholastic movement is essentially a movement in constructive criticism and it has long been vigorous at Notre Dame. Father Miltner's work in the ethical field is favorably known throughout the country as a splendid effort to restate the moral philosophy of the scholastics in the language of contemporary writers. Father Ward follows the best traditions of his colleagues at Notre Dame in his "sustained attempt to answer the general enquiry. . . . What does it mean to act?"

But Professor Ward's study is not simply an exposition of scholastic philosophy. His purpose is to present an impartial interpretation of modern thought on the subject of value and to confront his findings with the traditional thought of the scholastics. The first section of his essay—approximately half the volume—comprises an expository and analytical study of contemporary theories of value. Practically every modern work on the subject is quoted with copious and accurate references. This portion of the work serves as an introduction to the second part, the critical, constructive, synthetical section.

The dichotomous division (expository—critical) practised in this and similar studies of modern problems has sometimes been misinterpreted as a polemical device, a piece of controversial strategy. It would appear, however, to be more properly regarded as a manifestation of that persistent propensity of a clear thinker to set out what he intends to discuss before entering upon the discussion. Father Ward is no polemist, however decidedly he may differ from the views which he discusses.

At the very outset of his study the author encounters no end of difficulty in his efforts to disentangle a definite meaning of the term "value" from the galaxy of opinion which he quotes. In despair he concludes: "The term value has quickly degenerated and become as vague as any in the language. It is irresponsible, not amenable to plain and strict logic." The sympathies of all who have tried to unravel the same skein will be with Father Ward in his thankless, bootless struggle with the delightful but confused phraseology of present-day philosophy.

There seems to be a sort of "defense reaction" in the contemporary enthusiasm for value. Perhaps that explains the incoherence of its language. When rationalism came tumbling down before the onslaughts of the Bergsonian critique and empiricism tottered under the attack of Boutroux and the prophets of contingency, modern thought was forced to face the problem of building up a stable metaphysics. But metaphysics was a boggy; what the psychoanalysts would call a repressed tendency. (Cardinal Mercier spoke truly when he said that twentieth-century thought suffered from a phobia of metaphysics). A substitute had to be found. Psychology offered an escape and value—a concept basically psychological—a refuge from the ghostly peril. Philosophy might still go on and one need not acknowledge that he was discussing metaphysics.

But Father Ward does not dodge the issue. He feels himself competent in metaphysics. With the Summa of Saint Thomas held high like a torch to light his path, he threads the maze of value philosophies. He examines their structure with

a critical eye and finds beneath a mass of amorphous masonry, not a few solid stones, clear cut and shapely. These he salvages and incorporates into his metaphysical edifice of value, a structure whose foundation rests upon the rock of common sense and whose spires point to God.

The expert in the field of modern thought would no doubt pick some flaws in his reading of contemporary works—particularly those of Perry and Santayana—and the mediaeval scholar might differ with his interpretations of certain passages of Saint Thomas, but no modern writer would question the fairness of Father Ward's treatment of his subject and no scholastic would dispute the contention that the problem of value is one which metaphysics alone is competent to solve.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Beethoven as Hero

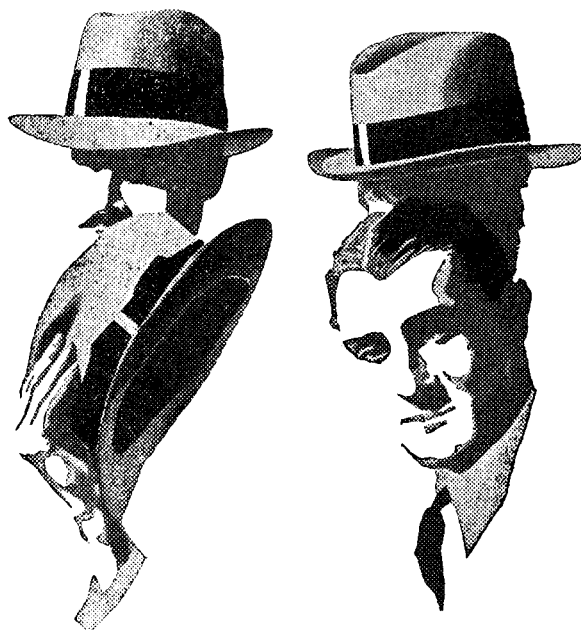
Eroica: A Novel Based on the Life of Ludwig von Beethoven, by Samuel Chotzinoff. New York: Simon and Shuster. \$2.50.

BETWEEN the free-handed treatment of biographical material which gives us novels like *The Moon and Sixpence* (Gauguin in disguise) or the extravagant legends of Miss Barrington, and the expert discrimination which produces a rare vignette like *Ariel*, Mr. Chotzinoff, in the present narrative of Beethoven's career, steers a wary course. Too dilatory in method to encompass in its limited space all the available facts, and too intent on narrative interests to do more than hint occasionally at a fresh inquiry into Beethoven's music, *Eroica* will probably win the reader who has no time to spend on the elaborate biographies of Thayer, Prud'homme, and Schaffner, or the studies of Newman, Sullivan, W. J. Turner and Rolland upon which I commented here a few weeks ago. In the large crop of books on Beethoven which have appeared since 1927, a novel in English was until now lacking. Popular taste abroad has been satisfied by several stories of the "Life-and-Love" variety. Presumably Mr. Chotzinoff addresses the same audience. He does so with advantages of knowing his subject and the scholarship concerning him; his novel is at least trustworthy in outline and motive. But the stylistic and creative freedom that invests a character with dramatic credibility is usually denied a chronicler of fact, and the wit that endows men and women with life in a way pure biography cannot claim is a faculty apart from scholarship. By his purpose Mr. Chotzinoff dismisses the scholar's responsibility. Yet when his book is read as a novel, scholarship still wins the first tribute. A criticism of the artistic value of *Eroica* is implied at once, and further details support it in almost every particular.

Both in scenes and in dialogue, Mr. Chotzinoff has taken the liberty of invention. These episodes never lose the pallor of self-consciousness. They are squarely framed in by paragraphs which have documentary authority behind them, and while these sections are heavily weighted with fact, they serve to promote the effect of trite and labored artifice which prevails elsewhere. The course of Beethoven's life is closely followed, with emphasis distributed among the various factors that directed his career. The friends and patrons—Madame von Breuning, the Brunswicks, Prince Lobkowitz, Prince Lichnowsky, etc.; the succession of personal sorrows ranging from illness and growing deafness to the vagaries of his favorite nephew Carl; and the succession of ladies in whom the Immortal Beloved finds brief and unconvincing embodiment act as a frame through which the central personality weaves like a shuttle its imperishable fabric of music. Mr. Chotzinoff apparently recognizes his shortcomings in the task of interpreta-

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MEN'S HATS—FIRST FLOOR

NEXT WEEK

In conjunction with the meeting in Washington of the National Catholic Alumni Federation, The Commonweal has prepared a special number to further the interests of Catholic higher education. Monsignor James Hugh Ryan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, will contribute a paper, FOUNDATIONS OF CULTURE, which none who are interested in this work can afford to miss. . . . Somewhat allied in subject-matter to Monsignor Ryan's article is CATHOLIC KLANISM, by the Reverend Joseph P. Donovan which calls attention to the deplorable tendency among American Catholics to rest on their oars. "We are proud," he declares, "of what has been accomplished in the field of Catholic higher education, but we never dream of asking ourselves if the system is adequate or not." At the same time he stresses the tremendous benefits that would result if Catholic America possessed a great graduate school and if sufficient scholar material were directed to it. . . . Although general public attention has been diverted from the problems which caused the disturbances in Palestine last summer, interest in the Holy Land is still intense. Vincent Sheean, in THE PALESTINE REPORT, analyzes the findings of the Parliamentary Commission appointed to study the situation. . . . Mr. Will H. Hays's recently promulgated code for the cinema industry has been regarded as a move to escape outside censorship. J. Leo Meehan's SCREEN CENSORSHIP therefore has a particular timeliness. . . . MYOPIA IN ROSE AND BLUE by Louise Owen is a form of essay which is today rare and delightful. . . . Other features of the issue will be Michael Williams's FROM MIDDLETOWN TO ROME, Broadus Mitchell's A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH, and Charles David Abbott's IN TYROL.

tion. His adherence to authentic anecdote is a confession of creative timidity which, though it insures honesty for the book as a whole, denies to Eroica the larger freedom with which Werfel devised his story of Verdi or Miss Sedgwick her account of Nietzsche in The Encounter—a method which has been applied with becoming vision to the personality of Beethoven by Rolland in Jean-Christophe. Eroica does not stand with these books: it possesses neither the penetration of the former nor the sweep and heroism of the latter. But it will not miss its usefulness if it serves as a primer on Beethoven's life and work for the uninitiated reader. As such, it may be trusted.

MORTON ZABEL.

Fists Across the Sea

America Conquers Britain, by Ludwell Denny. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00.

IF THIS book had not been published while the London conference was still afloat, it would have to be considered as a post mortem and, at the same time, as the most dramatic indictment of the failure of the big sea powers to come to an agreement over the limitation of their fleets.

Mr. Denny's first book, *We Fight for Oil*, was reviewed in these columns a couple of years ago. The struggle for oil between the United States and Great Britain is only one chapter of the wider issue of Anglo-American relations. Mr. Denny has now presented a complete record, and he is showing how the commercial rivalry between two Anglo-Saxon powers leads to growing tension.

Most fittingly he heads his introductory chapter, *Thinking of the Unthinkable*. He explodes what he calls the "dear cousin myth," and then goes on analyzing Anglo-American competition for foreign markets, financial investments, raw materials, aviation, cable and radio communications and fighting ships. He shows the part played by the Washington government in the foreign victories of Ford, General Motors, Standard Oil, General Electric, Radio Corporation, Firestone, Morgan and scores of American companies over British trusts, and he comes to the conclusion that war is brewing between Great Britain and America, despite the London naval conference, the greatest economic war that history has ever seen, a struggle to the death for control of the strategic trade of the world.

Says Mr. Denny: "There is not room in the contracting modern world for two conflicting empires as large and predatory as Britain and America. Either the supremacy of America will be recognized by Britain in peace, or that supremacy will be asserted in battles of blood. Britain is losing world markets, America is gaining them. Britain is declining in sea power, America is rising. Britain is on the defensive, America is on the offensive."

Possibly, Mr. Denny carries his thesis too far, but it is obvious that his purpose is to challenge the advocates of peace the world over to face the realities of an alarming situation. He does not consider war between Britain and America unavoidable, but he emphasizes the necessity of forestalling developments which might some day lead, against the will of the peoples and the desires of their governments, to a crisis which would be serious.

Mr. Denny's book will be an indispensable guide to all students of the foreign relations of the United States. The wealth of material and information he has accumulated for this book in long years of research work is not equaled by any similar publication in recent times.

MAX JORDAN.

Parson Woodforde's Gout

The Diary of a Country Parson, by The Reverend James Woodforde; edited by John Beresford. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.25.

PREVIOUS volumes of this admirable diary, in which the quieter English folk of the eighteenth century come to life again, have been reviewed in *The Commonweal*. What was said there in characterization of Parson Woodforde applies here as well. It is to be regretted, of course, that the poor man is frequently in troubled health. He is almost constantly doctoring for the gout (which, considering the quantities of food he dispatched, is hardly to be wondered at) the unusually severe winters cause no little discomfort, and life-long friends go to their rewards in disconcerting numbers.

But, though our clergyman does not possess the patience of saints, he shames us with unceasing, matter-of-fact charity and edifies us with his trust in Providence. The years dealt with in this section of the diary—1793-1796—were those of the French Revolution, which Parson Woodforde regarded with all the horror of a confirmed Tory. He sets down many a curious detail associated with events of historical importance, even if the interest of his journal lies primarily in its frugal regard for domestic incidents. The gamut from the death of a horse to the birth of a calf is scrupulously annotated.

A few excerpts from the book may show, better than anything else could, why Mr. Beresford deserves to be remembered in the prayers of book lovers. Here is a sentence dated October 17, 1793, which tells us not a little regarding the civic amenities of the eighteenth century: "The high street of Oxford greatly improved since I last saw it all paved like London, and I think is one of the finest streets in the Kingdom." A typical menu, thus: "We had for Dinner some Skaite, Ham and Fowls, a whole Rump of Beef Boiled, etc., a fine Hen Turkey roasted, Nancy's Pudding and Currant Jelly, Lobsters, Bullace and Apple Tarts, Cheese with Radishes and Cresses. We dined in the Study and drank Coffee and Tea in the Parlor." On September 30, 1794, the Parson reports being "pretty busy this morning at home having had thirteen young People come to me to be examined against Confirmation. I gave them all Cake and a Glass of Wine"—an entry of interest, no doubt, to contemporary clergymen. During October of the same year he happened to be in London when something like a communist riot was staged by a "Mob composed of the most violent and lowest Democrats." And so incident is added to incident. Such wine needs no bush.

PAUL CROWLEY.

The Passive Prophet

Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas, by C. F. Andrews. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

THIS book most sympathetically introduces, to those desiring peacefully to solve "problems of violence which lead to internecine war," the great religious leader who sways India. Admirers of Mahatma Gandhi wish to bring him to the West, there to exert the spell of his transcendent personality. For "It might happen, in God's providence," writes Mr. Andrews, "that a visit from the one man in the whole world who has proved himself a creative genius in this very subject, making it alone his special study, day and night, for nearly a whole lifetime, would help as nothing else could do. If the publication of this book, giving his thoughts and aspirations in his own words, can do anything to further such an object and make known more

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clearly beforehand the principles for which he stands, it will not have been compiled in vain."

It makes them excellently clear. We may judge from a most fair-minded narrative what Mr. Gandhi has accomplished in the East, for needs of which his ideas were evolved, and where he has, himself, been present to direct their working out. Can they suffice to pacify the western war mind? Not from an economic or constructive viewpoint, surely. Hand spinning and Swadeshi will not appeal to Europe or America, nor will the strict ascetic practices by which is generated "soul-force" essential for displacing force of arms. Yet substitution of the first force for the second is the idea he offers to the world. As to it, Mr. Andrews writes: "The one thing likely to cause the name of Mahatma Gandhi to stand out . . . is the weapon of passive resistance. This singular weapon, by the sheer force of his own genius, he first forged and hammered till he had made it fit for his own use, and then afterward applied it to moral warfare with marvelous effect. . . . Many had engaged in passive resistance before Mr. Gandhi, but those who had done so had been too isolated in their methods to reap fruitful results. . . . The secret of Gandhi was this: he was the first to organize corporate moral resistance, and to obtain a firmly united community, ready to go to any lengths of suffering as a body for the sake of conscience. Perhaps it would be true to say that since the days of the early Christian Church no such effective acts of passive resistance have been organized as those which Mahatma Gandhi inspired."

The thought appears confused, also the wording. If similar "effective acts" characterized the early Christians, Gandhi is clearly not "the first" inspiring men to "go to any lengths of suffering as a body" rather than do what principle forbids. The Spirit of Christ Crucified has led devoted followers to suffer rather than to sin for 1900 years, whether they suffered "isolated" or as members of a like-minded body; and it takes far more courage and fortitude to stand alone for principle than when sustained by numbers. In time the isolated stand produces fruit; refusal by unnumbered Quakers to bear arms has won them, as a body, a recognized position where they are allowed to follow conscience unmolested.

If other Christians would be equally consistent, wars would have to cease. But does Gandhi's propaganda promise that consummation? For he gives as cause for breaking with the British government, which he for years whole-heartedly supported, even recruiting soldiers for its wars, his belief "that the British connection had made India more helpless. . . . A disarmed India has no power of resistance against any aggressor, if she wanted to engage in an armed conflict with him." These are his own words, at his trial for "organizing" a "non-violent non-coöperation" by the Indians, which straightway became violent—as anyone might have foreseen it surely would—in spite of his tremendous personal authority calling for a perfection of restraint. The violence was curbed only by his spectacular expiatory fast, extremely dangerous in his physical condition. Had the fast caused his death, would not the grief and wrath of his huge following have meant a bloody rising throughout India, perhaps a holy war, involving many lands? And had that happened, could there be imagined a more ironic ending to a life given to preaching, and to living, doctrines of love and peace?

There is nothing new or singular in passive resistance, used to gain one's end. The child employs it who will not do his work or eat his dinner till he is given what he wants. It is a weapon people otherwise unarmed can never be deprived of, and it becomes effectively embarrassing to power in authority

when numbers use it for obtaining something they all desire. Conditions have provided Mr. Gandhi, striking for Swaraj, with an object native Indians so fervently desire that they will sink all minor differences while following the leader who proposes to unite them in a "non-violent non-coöperation" so vast that it will paralyze British rule. He is, undoubtedly, a leader of transcendent spiritual power, and integrity. But his "ideas" show weaknesses inseparable from attempt to force an issue, maintaining it is "passive" so to do. The British may be ousted: and that would not be unjust. But would it make for peace, so long as India seethes—as it does—with hate and pride and fear?

Not through ideas, but through his personality is Gandhi great. For he incarnates love, and draws it forth to meet him in return, so irresistibly that those of differing faiths find in him an abiding truth which can unite them all, and which is the world's gleaming hope for peace. The spirit in which he has followed it himself make him a figure of unique spiritual height in the modern world.

MARGARET KENDALL.

Quixote Redivivus

Bolivar: The Passionate Warrior, by T. R. Ybarra. New York: Ives Washburn. \$4.00.

WITH due allowances, Bolivar is almost a symbol of Spanish culture. Hence, *The Passionate Warrior* might have been with greater accuracy: *Don Quixote Redivivus*. But such a subtitle would presuppose greater breadth and depth than this book contains. The authors gives no new information, except perhaps to English readers, but on the contrary, some old misinformation. To him the Spanish colonial government was "a most merciless and unenlightened despotism"; the Spanish polity in America is solely the Conquistadores, the conqueror-settlers, admittedly high-handed and rapacious. It was more than that. It was also the laws of Indies, "a magnificent monument of legislation . . . converting into legal formulas the second commandment of the new dispensation: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!'" according to a non-Spanish, non-Catholic authority. Again, in dealing with the Spanish-American War, the author has seized at the shadow of truth. It was not quite a struggle for freedom. At bottom, it was a race war and the slogan was rather: "Give me office or give me death," thus accounting for the attitude of the upper classes, egotistic, colonial-born Spaniards, who were excluded from the highest offices by Spain.

Despite all these shortcomings, the author has written a highly readable, sympathetic life of Bolivar, as he was, without glossing over his foibles or even his adulterous relations with Manuelita Sáenz, whose presence of mind in saving the liberator's life on one occasion earned for her from Bolivar the title of "the liberator's liberatrix." The brutality of the Spanish-American War is vividly recreated as a background for Bolivar's towering personality. He can well exclaim: "I am the sun leading my lieutenants, the light by which they shine!" And yet his egotism, as with most Spaniards, could be both centripetal and centrifugal: his wealth was everyone's and his gift of liberty was for all Spanish colonies if possible. At last, broken by war, by pleasure, by disillusionment at sight of the horrors of peace, which often led him to remark in reference to his work, "I have ploughed in the sea!" he died—easily one of the wealthiest and greatest men of his generation—in poverty, in obscurity and in exile.

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Briefer Mention

Wishbone, by Stirling Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. \$2.50.

THE title of these collected stories has a more optimistic suggestion than their actual plots and such philosophy as they carry. They embody the distinct conviction that the good fortune traditionally represented by a certain portion of a turkey's anatomy may be only another element in a process of disintegration. Either act or cease wishing, might be their common motto. Two stories merit a special word. In *An Imperfect Crime*, it is a woman vaguely on the borders of the underworld who pays with imprisonment and death for not suspecting that her casual companions are planning a crime. Townsman sets forth the inroads of decay through weakness of the will with dispassionate realism. The boy who wanted to leave his small town, and never did, is still fingering the dirty cards of fortune in the end—still wishing.

The Strength of Lovers, by Hugo Wast. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

HUGO WAST, the literary pride of the pampas, brandishes another title. Two Spanish ladies of family accompany Cabot when he sails westward in 1526 for El Dorado. In the new country, one is solicited in love by a ruffian, the other by an Indian prince, but virtue proves impregnable in both cases. One of these ladies, Lucia Miranda, is vaguely historical, but Señor Wast's attempt to glorify a prude is least admirable in an otherwise worthwhile novel. The tale is lively and will gloss a dull hour, especially if one cares for the conquistadores, and their peculiar genius for colonization.

Historical Records and Studies; Volume XIX. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

THE latest volume of this well-known series opens with the paper by Father Cuevas on the Saville Codex, reference to which has been made in *The Commonweal*. There are many other good things. Thomas J. Meehan writes most informally on the "centenary" of American Catholic fiction (the Reverend Dr. Constantine Pise's novel having been published in 1829): Grace H. Sherwood's monograph on early Maryland history is the best brief account we have seen; and Father Francis X. Talbot's paper on Isaac Jogues is both a good homily and a succinct account of a great soul.

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